PETIT SÉMINAIRE
AUBENAS

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Version Latine

de Sénèque

Éloge de la vie Champêtre

Non alia magis est libera a vitio cavis
Rebusque melius vita quae piscos colat
Quamquae relictis moenibus silvas amat,
Non illum avaras mentes inflammat furor,
Qui se decavit montium insontem fugis
Non aura populi, et vulgus infidum bonis
Non pestilens invidia, non fragilis favor
Non ille regno servit aut regno imminens
Vanos honores coepitur (aut fluxas opes)
Spei metusque liber. Haud illum niger
Edaxque livor dente degenni petet.
Nec scelera populus inter atque urbes sita
novit; nec omnes strepitus conscius pavet.
Haud verba fingit, mille non quaerit togis
Quive columnis nec trabis multo insolens
Sufficit auro. Non emor largus pias inundat aras

Ingo nec sparsi sacra contina novi
Colla submittunt boves. Sed lire vacuo poletur
Et aperto aethere innocuus errat
Callidas. tantum felix sinuosse frandes novit
Et fessas gravi labore nivos corpus illiso jovet

Thème

Des ouvrages de l'esprit

Le philosophe consume sa vie à observer les hommes, et il use ses esprits à en démêler les vices et les ridicules. S'il donne quelque tour à ses pensées, c'est moins par une vanité d'auteur, que pour mettre une vérité qu'il a trouvée dans tout le jour nécessaire pour faire l'impression qui doit servir à ses desseins. Quelques lecteurs croient néanmoins le payer avec usure, s'ils disent qu'ils ont lu son livre et qu'il y a de l'esprit; mais il leur renvoie tous leurs éloges qu'il n'a pas cherchés par son travail et par ses veilles. Il porte plus haut ses projets et agit pour une fin plus relevée; il demande aux hommes un plus grand et plus noble succès que des louanges et même que des récompenses, pour de les rendre meilleurs. Ces soins lisent un livre, et

ne l'entendent point, les esprits médiocres croient l'entendre parfaitement, les grands esprits ne l'entendent quelquefois pas tout entier. Ils trouvent obscur ce qui est obscur, comme clair ce qui est clair, les beaux esprits veulent trouver obscur ce qui ne l'est point et ne pas entendre ce qui est fort intelligible. Un auteur cherche vainement à se faire admirer par son ouvrage. Les sots admirent quelquefois, mais ce sont des sots les personnes d'esprit ont en eux les semences de toutes les vérités et de tous les sentiments, car rien ne leur est nouveau, ils admirent peu, ils approuvent

La Bruyère

Latin

Hominibus in observandis vitam philosophus consumit et in investigandis ejus vitiis ridiculisque ingenia contundit. Si quidam concinne dicat, non est quod scriptoris vanitatem affectet, sed ut veritatem a se mendacium removeat lucem properat

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Narration

Attilla et les ambassadeurs de Valentinien

Attilla a paru sur les frontières de l'Italie, son nom répand la terreur, les habitants fuient devant lui et demandent aux rochers et aux forêts un asile contre la rage du vainqueur; Rome elle même, Rome la ville impériale tremble, et son faible empereur Valentinien, trop lache pour combattre le roi des Huns, lui envoie ses ambassadeurs avec les trésors de l'empire pour acheter la paix. Attilla les accueille avec bonté, écoute leurs conditions, et leur promet la paix: il leur invite à un magnifique festin qu'il avait préparé et là dépouillant toute la fierté du vainqueur, il se montra doux et affable envers ceux même qui étaient venus implorer sa merci. Après le repas, deux bardes, dont les fronts étaient couronnés de lierre prirent leurs harpes. Le premier commença ainsi. "Viens, ô mon père, viens inspirer ton fils, quitte pour un moment le séjour fortuné des âmes heureuses, viens inspirer ton fils, donne à sa voix assez de force et assez d'éclat pour célébrer dignement les louanges d'un héros dont l'aspect a fait frémir l'Orient et dont le bras puissant a anéanti des peuples entiers. Dans sa course rapide il a franchi

l'Ouest, et semblable à l'Aquilon il a renversé tous ceux qui ont osé l'opposer. Les armées ennemies ont disparu devant lui comme les gerbes du moissonneur devant le feu devorant. Il s'avance comme un nuage qui porte la foudre au dessus des plaines que l'été devore; le meurtre, les torrents, les tempêtes sont l'image de sa force. Heureux ton peuple, ô Allela, ton bras combattra pour lui; tu es le premier des héros dans la guerre. Tu parles, et les nombreux guerriers t'obéissent; ton œil se retrécit, et les ennemis tremblent. Chantons ce héros et chantons ses exploits. A ces accents, toute l'ardeur guerrière des Huns s'enflamme, ils semblent voir devant eux de nouveaux bataillons ennemis, et ils veulent s'élancer pour cueillir de nouveaux lauriers. Les vieillards versent des larmes de joie et bénissent les Dieux que leur ont donné un si noble héros pour roi. Mais au milieu de toute cette joie le second barde commença. Pourquoi, ma harpe, veux tu faire entendre de si lugubres accents? pourquoi veux-tu troubler la joie par des chants de deuil? pourquoi ces tristes accords? Loin d'ici Irénarée, Attila! et Théodon! Loin d'ici ces Gaulois tous couverts de sang, et réjouissants au milieu de la victoire! Loin d'ici ces superbes Romains qui tiennent la terre en esclavage. Pourquoi vois-je ces ruisseaux gonflés du sang de nos guerriers? Pourquoi -

[illegible]

[illegible]

le glaive qui pend de sa ceinture, Attila lui-même saisit sur son sein; mais bientôt la colère éclate sur son [illegible]

[illegible]

de Valentinien, emportez vos présents, c'est par le sang que je veux ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible]. [illegible] rougir les [illegible] l'affront que j'ai reçu dans les Gaules. Retirez-vous d'ici et dites à Valentinien votre traître que Attila vous suit avec ses valeureux guerriers et que Rome ~~ma~~ elle-même sera le prix de la guerre qu'il va commencer

Noel Brody

Vers Latins

America

[illegible] moveant spectacula rerum

[illegible]

Dives te vastis ~~excipiet~~ America excipiat oris.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Et campi lapis herbarum florumque berentes.
Denarum quantus stelarum, subuespere primo
[illegible]
Passim per lucos et nemora sibilia regnant;
Si non multarum copia sit rumpat aquarum
Et longe magno cacli stupeta cathera campo
Aut cum pons, saeuo fremidus procella ruina.
Sole recondito, nubes per nocte uolarunt
Flammas distincte depicta coloribus arma
[illegible]
Si lucis egesse, spectamus flumen maximus labens
Quod rapido cursu in pelagus rumpat alligs sum-
Algue dragore procul resonanto personat aequor.
[illegible]
Tanta stupenda nequit miracula fingere cetera.

Epigramma

Bellus homo est flexos qui digerit ordine crines
[illegible]
Inter femineas lota qui luce cathedras
[illegible]
[illegible]

Una dant vitia animi, quam ad te curam.
Fert vestigatas, subdedere alter opus.
Hic ego pallantem pectus non mouerit, unde
[illegible]
et vocem gressus reuocat ad cursus
Hoste ad tam minuis pulsans, fessosque locatum
[illegible]
Accepit sectis pecus; frustra ille salutatus
[illegible]
Hasce in pone ille est: quem ecquis mihi
Hic mihi ne pone segnius, impune pone
[illegible]
non expectatus, semper mouisse queat
Restituam, ad ego, famulus si Dauporis ades
[illegible]

Version Palme

Desine, Paule, meum lacrymis urgere sepulchrum,
Ad dictu admullas janua nigra preces.
Cum semel infernas intrarunt funera leges
Non evorato stant adamante viae.
Te licet orantem fuscae Deus audiat aulae
Nempe tuis lacrymas littora surda bibent.
Vota movent superos. Ubi portitor aera recepit
Observat umbrosos lurida porta reos.
Sic majestatem cecinere tubae, cum subdita nostram
Detrahat lecto fax inimica caput:
Quid mihi conjugium Pauli, quid currus avorum
Profuit, aut famae pignora tanta meae?
Non minus immites habui, Cornelia, Parcas?
Eu sum quod digitis quemque levatur onus!
Nunc tibi commendo communia pignora natos
Haec cura cineri spiritus iste meo.
Imgra maternis moribus Pater. Illa meorum
Omnis erit collo turba ferenda tuo.
Oscula cum dederis tua fletibus, adjice matris
Jam domus accepit nunc onus esse tuum,
Et si quid doleam tenuis cris, sine testibus illis
Lacrymet siccis oscula falle genis.
Sit tibi sint noctes quas de me, Paule, priores
Somniaque in facies credita saepe meam.

Neque adhuc secreta nostra ad simulacra loquuntur,
ut respondeant singula verba gaea. (Hippocrates)

Français

Cesse, Paulus, d'affliger mon tombeau par tes larmes,
la noire porte ne s'ouvre point aux prières des humains;
quand une fois les ombres ont subi les lois des sages,
rien ne saurait fléchir les barrières inflexibles de
diamant. Vainement tes prières ont frappé l'oreille
du Dieu de l'Achéron, les images sourdes à ta voix
s'en sont-elles bien de tes larmes. Les vœux touchent les
immortels. Sitôt que le nocher a reçu son obole, la porte
livide se ferme à jamais sur les bûchers funèbres, ainsi
retentissent les trompettes lugubres, lorsqu'à la lueur
des torches funéraires on transporta mon corps au bûcher
Que t'ai-je servi, cher Paulus, et notre hymen, et le
triomphe de mes ancêtres, et tant de titres à la renom-
mée? Cornélie, en a-t-elle trouvé les derniers moins
inexorables? Je ne suis plus qu'un léger fardeau que cinq
doigts de la main peuvent soulever. Maintenant je te
recommande mes enfants, ces gages de notre mutuelle amour,
ce tendre soin d'une mère sera mes cendres. Tendre père
sois pour eux une mère, pressent dans ton cœur tous ces
chers enfants qui sont les miens. Aux larmes que ta

donneras à tous larmes, ajoute ceux d'une mère, désormais tout le soin de la famille va peser sur toi. De la tristesse de ton absence, à tous retour tu sèches mes larmes, en essuyant les tiennes. Tu auras assez de nuit pour t'affliger de ma perte, cher Paulus, dans ces songes où tu croiras voir souvent l'image de ta chère Cornélie, et lorsque tu lui adresseras quelques paroles à mon ombre, parle leur comme si elle devait répondre à chacune de tes paroles
(Mme Bruzy)

(Diogènes ad his lamp
Latin Variation

Diogenes, accensa lucerna, per totam urbem meo meridie discurebat in homine quaerendo. Ad forum frequentissimum adductus, quidam male salsus illi dixit, Quid quaeris, o lepidissime hypocrita? Alios, quo vadis, Diogenes? alios, quid investigas cum lucerna in frequentissimo foro? Omnibus interrogantibus Diogenes respondit; Hominem quaero. Quid vos. Hominem quaero in tanta multitudine, circum te canibus feriri; hic homines praesto sunt, sanumne te credes esse? Hominem quaero, respondit Diogenes philosophus, non quemlibet sed temperatum, prudentem et sapientem, non eum qui in libidines se effundat, qui duplicatum

cupiditate plaquet, Aequitatem ut par est ducat et omnibus
ipse dii neque donati neque locupletes sunt. Hujusmodi
homo non obscurus est et accendus est ut impar judicio
ut illum ab aliis discernam cum semel invenierem.
Specum cum humani omnes praeter sentiunt, et ambu-
lare oculis perlustrate, videbitis illos pecora mira
dissimilitudine exscribere. Alii latum leonum rabiem
alii lupanum pervicitatem, alii vulpium dolum,
et multa asellorum stolidatem habent. Sed homo
probus ille, quem quaero, multum ab iis abest.
Hanc temperantiam possidet quae discernitur ea
quae absunt non expetendo et ab iis abstinendo
quae in potestate sua sunt. Ille quidem magnum
Dei pretium exemplum est. Improbitatibus mali
obstat et quae adsunt, labitat et perpetit. Desiderium
quod satis est neque illum sollicitant temptationes
neque civium ardores neque instantis vultus ty-
rannii. Animus suus, cognitis perceptisque virtutibus,
corporis obsequio indulgentiaque discedit, voluptatem
aut labem nonnullam opprimit, cum suis amicis
societatem charitatis ille colit, omnesque natura
conjunctos ducit. Deos immortales cultu et pura
religione veneratur, ingenium oculos exacuit

ad bona dispendia et ad aperienda contentia. Hanc rationem requitie constituerem et sempiternam quae vocat homines ad officium jubendo et quae retundo a fraude detorret, et quae probrum nullum non frustra jubet. Deos hominis species quemquam; Vale, homines carissime sunt et tot bona opus est de illos bene mereri.

Bac Brady

Amour de la Patrie

Le plus beau, le plus moral des instincts de l'homme c'est l'amour de la patrie. Il est commun à tous, chacun le reçoit en naissant, il le conserve jusqu'au tombeau. C'est lui qui protège nos frontières des attaques de l'ennemi; c'est lui encore qui conserve notre liberté entière malgré le despotisme des tyrans. Chez les anciens, il poussait à un plus grand nombre que parmi nous; le regardaient comme un bâtiment celui qui n'avait pas versé jusqu'à la dernière goutte de son sang pour la défense de la patrie. Régulus nous fournit un bel exemple de cette vertu; il était chez les Romains; on apprend à connaître le courage, et l'on admire ce

la mort la plus cruelle. Il était sûr d'avance de plaire
par le récit de son ambassade, il n'hésita pas à sacri-
fier au désir une partie certaine. Et ce que
l'orateur fait de son amour pour la patrie ne
mérite-t-il pas d'être comparé au courage de Régulus bravant
les tourments des Carthaginois? Scipion qui pensait
Épaminondas mourant sans lui avoir donné la victoire,
Scipion ne fut-il pas jaloux que Sempronius vendait la liberté
de la patrie? mais ta gloire, dis-moi, n'est-elle
ce que le bonheur de nos vœux? Pendant les exemples
sont de moins en moins effrayants, mais ils ne sont pas
cela que plus beaux. Le héros nous en offre bien
l'exemple de plus de zèle que celui qui nous fournit la
bonne de dévouement. Son héroïsme ne venait pas seule-
ment de son amour pour la patrie, mais encore
était-il élevé par l'inspiration du ciel.
Dieu, pour faire éclater sa toute puissance, ne
se sert des bras d'une simple fille pour rendre
à la France la paix et la prospérité. Jeanne d'Arc
part née à la voix de Dieu, quitte la chaumière
qu'elle aime plus encore, elle s'arrache des bras
de son père, et malgré les larmes d'une tendre
mère, elle part [illegible] de la cour

Ce sacrifice lui était sans doute bien pénible ;
mais Dieu commandait et de sa volonté sainte dépendait
le salut de la France. Si son royaume était presque tout entier
dans la possession des Anglais, Charles VII n'en
était pas moins le souverain légitime, et déjà plusieurs provinces
s'étaient soustraites à leur domination. Orléans seul pouvait sauver
la France était sur le point de tomber entre les mains
de ses ennemis. Ce fut alors que Jeanne d'Arc
se présenta à la cour, persuadé que Dieu lui avait
donné la mission de sauver la France. Rebutée
pendant longtemps, elle ne cessa de la demander,
et emportée par le vif désir qu'elle avait de
sauver son pays, elle s'écria. Oh Juge ! vous laisserez
passer cette belle France entre les mains de ses hommes
ennemis, vous ne voudrez pas de ce témoignage que
nous pouvons, qui semble vous la
place de Dieu, qui est le symbole de tout ce qui a
de plus grand et de plus noble sur la terre. Sauvez,
sauvez, ne laissez tomber au pouvoir de ses ennemis
qui ravagent nos campagnes, qui ensanglantent nos
villes, et qui font de notre pays un vaste monceau
de ruines. C'est Dieu qui veut me mettre à
la tête de nos armées, c'est lui qui m'envoie

par mon bras et qu'elle chasserait de nos pays ces
cruels tyrans. Enfin on accorde ce qu'elle
demande et on la met à la tête de l'armée, du
pouvoir duquel et de son esprit on avait peur
personne, inspirant le courage à ses soldats,
abattit par mainte défaite. Les Anglais étonnés
cédaient à cette héroïne, dont courage semblait
le miracle de sa mission; Dieux tombe devant
l'épée de Jeanne, Reims ouvre ses portes, et la
Pucelle accomplit ce qu'elle avait promis.
Usurpateur Anglais ne règne plus dans la France
depuis le jour où Charles VII est sacré en plein
de la royauté, dans la ville ouverte de ses aïeux,
tandisque tonnait près de Beaugé, la courageuse
bergère élève au dessus de la tête du monarque
couronné sa bannière victorieuse. Noble
bergère, gloire de la France, ton nom sera cité
jusqu'à la postérité la plus reculée, ta
gloire sera toujours, et au côté des plus grands
héros de l'antiquité sera placé le nom de la
bergère de Domremi. Glorieux symbole de l'union
de la France, le roi, elle soutenait également la
gloire de tous les trônes. Son front d'une

puissance divine elle abat l'orgueil de ses ennemis, et au moment d'une puissance humaine, elle subit son tribut à la nature. Elle pleure sur les ennemis atteints de son bras, plus tard, elle pleurera elle-même intimidée par l'appareil d'un supplice indigne, ô ma chère d'Orléans, tu baiseras la croix et tu verseras des larmes sur ta triste destinée. Oh quoi! déjà mourir dans la fleur de la jeunesse et couverte de gloire, mourir par les mains des Anglais dont les bataillons impurs foulaient encore le sol sacré de la patrie; c'en était assez pour arracher des larmes d'un cœur plus fort que le sien. Mais Dieu ne l'abandonnera pas, il lui rendra tout son courage et la héroïque bergère ne se démentira point dans cette dernière et cruelle épreuve. La postérité conservera précieusement son souvenir elle placera le nom de Jeanne d'Arc à côté de ceux des Dunois et des Talbots, et la France mère de la guerrière regardera comme une des plus belles pages de son histoire celle du dévouement de la bergère de Domrémy.

Montréal 14 novembre 1864

Scène sur les ruines de Jérusalem.

Jérusalem, cette reine superbe des villes, est tombée du faîte de sa gloire; elle n'est plus cette ville de Salomon, tout brillante de l'éclat de ses richesses et de sa grandeur; son temple, ses palais superbes ne sont plus qu'un vaste monceau de ruines; ses remparts bien couronnés d'une milice guerrière, sont abattus dans la poussière. Partout on reconnaît la main de la vengeance divine, partout l'implacable Nabuchodonosor a prononcé le fer et la flamme. Devant lui les princes et les peuples ont fui comme les troupeaux devant les cris féroces ravisseurs, et ceux que la flamme a épargné sont condamnés à traîner les restes de leurs jours esclaves sur les bords de l'Euphrate. Parmi les captifs se trouvait un jeune homme dont le front serein et pur, exprimait à la fois la candeur et l'innocence; c'était Zorobabel le plus pieux des jeunes Israélites; jamais n'avait adoré les fausses divinités de Baal, mais tous les jours il implorait la protection du Dieu du Ciel, du Dieu, qui avait fait sortir des bras de la Case de l'Esclavage. Zorobabel était triste, mais sa

douleur s'était promenée dans Israël par la captivité
mais par la pensée qu'il ne serait plus sa patrie
et les tombeaux de ses aïeux. Oh! s'écria-t-il, si je
pouvais m'échapper, si je pouvais encore une
fois de mes larmes les tombeaux de mes pères, je pourrais
contenter et le jeune Israélite regardait autour de lui, et
croyait que ses gardiens ont relâché un peu leur vigilance
s'échappe de la foule et s'élance vers la ville. Il arrive
à la vue de la désolation qui l'entoure, il s'arrête
et contemple dans un morne silence ces ruines amoncelées.
Est-ce là, s'écria-t-il, cette Jérusalem toute à l'heure
si puissante? Et est ce là tout ce qui reste de sa
gloire, un triste monceau de ruines et un squelette
lugubre? Où sont ces remparts ou s'brisait
l'orgueil des étrangers ennemis? Où est ce temple,
jadis l'admiration de l'univers, Oh! Je n'en vois
que les ruines. Oh comment s'est elle laissée tant de
gloire? comment se sont anéantis tant de travaux?
Est-ce ainsi que périssent les ouvrages des
hommes? Pour quel motif. Oh Dieu, la postérité
de cette ville a-t-elle tant changé. Oh, Jérusalem
sacré berceau de mes pères, je ne te connais
plus, tu es tombée du haut de ta gloire et tes

malheureux enfants te pleurent dans leur captivité
Heureux ceux qui ont habité sous ton ciel mes pieds
de les ont pas porté de jeté la main, ils ne craignent
pas un étranger sur un bord lointain, et ceux dès
sous le joug de l'esclavage, ils ne mangeront pas
le pain de la captivité. Jérusalem, belle chérie,
je te dis adieu, et vous aussi tombeaux de mes
pères adieux! je ne vous arroserai plus de mes
larmes; et mes mains ne tresseront plus des guirlandes
pour vous couronner. Adieu rives du Jourdain,
adieu noble fleuve, je vais te quitter pour toujours,
mais je me souviendrai de toi lorsqu'auprès
de l'Euphrate, je porterai les chaînes de l'esclavage
Adieux, montagnes du Liban, je ne chasserai
plus le cerf agile sur tes sommets verdoyants,
Adieu, beau cèdre de l'Hermon, je ne reposerai
plus mes membres fatigués à l'ombre de tes
arbres. Adieux champs de Juda Jérusalem, adieu
terre chérie, beau ciel de la patrie, adieu pour
la dernière fois. Il avait dit, quand un vieillard
se présente tout à coup à ses yeux. Les cheveux
blanchis par l'âge, la tristesse majestueuse
empreinte sur son visage frappent le jeune israélite

Il s'approche et reconnaît Jérémie, Jérémie, ce digne élu du Seigneur, que, dans les jours de deuil et de mort, sauvé par les mains de l'Eternel, déposait, dans ces lieux solitaires, ce vieillard des grandeurs humaines se trouvent confondues. A la vue de cette blonde chevelure qui flotte sur les épaules du timide Zorobabel, à la vue de ce front où brille l'aimable éclat de l'innocence, le vieillard sourit, le prend par la main, le fait asseoir à ses côtés sur un marbre rompu, et lui adresse ces paroles. Mon fils tu verras se flétrir ces couleurs si brillantes, ta beauté se fanera comme la rose du Carmel. A l'éclat du ~~printemps~~ matin succèdent les ombres du soir, et les frimas de l'hiver remplacent la riante parure du printemps. Des cités les empires s'écroulent; rien n'est stable sous le soleil; tout passe, ô mon fils. Dieu seul ne passe jamais. Qu'a-t-elle fait de sa puissance, cette altière Jerusalem? Hier tu vis un si riche, si florissante, si superbe en remparts; elle semblait la reine des nations. Sa gloire a passé comme l'éclair rapide qui paraît aux plaines de l'air, quand les feux brulants du soleil dessèchent les moissons de Moab. Hélas! la cité chérie a violé sa foi, et l'époux a répudié l'épouse

La colère du Tout puissant s'est répandue sur une
tête abreuvée du sang de ses prophètes. Dans mes
mes larmes au pied du trône ; O Sédécias, ô pedel,
tombe, apaise, apaise, crois moi, le Dieu de, de mes
Sédécias méprisa mes larmes, ivre de ses grandeurs,
dans prophètes un coupable encens à des divinités
sourdes, impuissantes, et le Dieu fort s'est vengé, après
avoir arrêté deux fois les belliqueux enfants d'Assur,
d'avec à l'oché la bride ; Ninive, grande, puissante
tout est tombé. Il est devenu ce grand arbre dont
les branches montaient jusqu'aux cieux ? La foudre
est partie d'en haut, et l'arbre superbe est renversé.
Regarde ces ruines, ô mon fils, interroge cette poussière.
Là s'élevait ce temple magnifique, ouvrage de Salomon
et d'un siècle, édifié par cent mille bras, et qu'une
heure vient d'anéantir ! Ici, je reconnais la place
où put naguère le palais de Sédécias. Ici, sur ces
colonnes brisées, les titres pompeux que lui
prodiguait la flatterie. Hélas ! à cette place que
tu foules, sur ce même lieu, ô mon fils, le dernier
roi d'Israël a vu ses enfants, l'un après l'autre
sa famille et le sien, égorgés sous ses yeux, que
bientôt lui arracha une troupe féroce !...

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE ARCHIVES

Ô mon époux ! mon épouvanté ! ô sanglots... toute l'onde
sous ondes, des casques, des dards, des corps mutilés ; partout
du sang, partout des cadavres. Dieu du ciel, voilà les
vengeances.

A ces mots, Auguste vieillard d'arrêter, mêt sa compa-
gne en sanglots. Je jeune Israélite mêle ses larmes
à ses siennes ; Hélas, dit-il en laissant tomber sa douleur en
l'épanchant dans le sein l'un de l'autre. Après quelques
instants de silence, l'homme de Dieu se leva, et, d'un
ton plus solennel :

Ecoute, ô mon fils, ce mien parlant plus
haut que la voix des sacrés prophètes, que Sion n'a pas
compris. Viole les commandements de l'Eternel, ton
Dieu. Jérusalem, noyée au sang de ses enfants, en proie
aux flammes dévorantes, dispersée comme la cendre aux
vents, Jérusalem t'enseigne à quel prix on peut trahir
le Seigneur. N'oublie jamais ces leçons redoutables ; qu'elles
demeurent gravées au plus profond de ton âme. Un jour,
Dieu peut rétablir ce qu'il a renversé ; un jour, il peut
choisir toi-même pour accomplir l'œuvre de sa
miséricorde. Oui, l'Esprit Saint parle à mon cœur ;
le voile de l'avenir se déroule devant moi. Ciel ! au
vent, des bords de l'Euphrate, ces enfants de glaire

- la tuile d'une main, le glaive de l'autre? Quel est ce guerrier qui les conduit? Peuples, portez la sur vos ailes; nations, prosternez vous devant les Saints d'Israel. Sois de tes ruines, temple du Seigneur! ministres du Dieu vivant, préparez vos cantiques. Réjouis-toi, fille de Sion; que tes yeux brillent de l'éclat d'un beau jour; ton Dieu te rend tes beautés. Mais tremble de le méconnaître encore! Il dit, le saint Israélite, et Andrié tombe à genoux, les mains sur la tête, et rejoint ses compagnons d'infortune, qui ~~se perd au~~ au médetant ces paroles du Saint Prophète, que se perd au milieu des ruines de Jérusalem.

(Macbrady)

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE
ARCHIVES

([illegible]

[illegible], je ne prétends pas introduire parmi nous un nouvel usage, mais suivre celui que nos ancêtres ont toujours observé. Depuis que Cyrus a soumis la Médie à Astyages, depuis que nous avons soumis cet empire aux Perses, nous ne sommes jamais entrés dans la mer comme je l'ai appris de nos ancêtres. Un dieu nous conduit, et sous ses auspices nous marchons de succès en succès. Il est inutile de vous parler des exploits de Cyrus, de Cambyse, de Darius, mon père, et des provinces qu'ils ont ajoutées à notre empire; vous en êtes assez instruits. Quant à moi, du moment où je suis monté sur le trône, jaloux de ne point dégénérer de mes ancêtres, je songe comment je pourrai procurer aux Perses une puissance non moindre que celle qu'ils m'ont laissée. En y réfléchissant, je trouve que nous pouvons acquérir de plus grands biens; acquérir un pays qui n'est pas moins fertile que le nôtre, qui même est plus fertile, et que nous aurons en même temps la satisfaction de punir les auteurs de ces injures, que nous avons reçues, et de nous en venger. Je vous ai donc convoqués pour vous faire

COLLEGE DE FRANCE

[illegible] Athènes. Vous savez comment [illegible] l'Hellespont, je parcourus l'Europe pour me rendre en Thrace par terre et je ne trouvai pas de nouvelles difficultés, vous n'ignorez point que Darius avait donné de grandes craintes au peuple, bien qu'il ne fût pas parvenu à satisfaire son ressentiment. Le nom de venger et mon père et les Perses, et je ne me désistais point de mon entreprise que je ne fusse maître d'Athènes et que je n'eusse réduit en cendres les habitants, vous le savez, ont commencé les premières hostilités contre mon père et contre moi. Premièrement, ils sont venus à Sardes avec des vaisseaux de Milet notre esclave, ils ont mis le feu aux temples et aux bois sacrés. Vous ne vous ont-ils pas fait connaître à vous-mêmes, quand vous êtes allés dans leur pays sous la conduite de Datis et d'Artaphrène? Persanes d'entre vous, j'espère, voilà ce que j'avais à marcher contre les Athéniens. Mais en y réfléchissant, je trouve une grande avantage à cette expédition. Si nous vainquons et les subjuguons, nous réduirons les habitants de Pays de l'Europe, alors la Perse n'aura plus d'autres bornes que le ciel; le soleil n'éclairera point de pays qui ne nous touche; je parcourrai toute l'Europe

et, avec votre secours, je ne serai de la terre entière qu'un
seul empire; car on m'assure que, les Grecs une fois vaincus,
la guerre cesse et le calme qui succède
[illegible]. Je ne compte donc que sur vous, tous subissant notre
joug. En me secondant de votre mieux, vous mériterez
[illegible]
l'estime. Que chacun de vous se hâte de venir
me rendre ce que je lui dirai. Je me présente, à
celui qui y trouvera avec le plus [illegible] profit, des
choses que l'on estime le plus dans mon palais. Telle
est ma résolution, mais afin qu'il ne paraisse que
je veuille régler tout par mon seul sentiment, je
vous promets de délibérer sur cette affaire, et j'entendrai
volontiers de votre bouche votre avis.

Macbady

Vegilé avait les ruines de son royaume

Sous Satins

Ex noctium nubes surgit densata vapore
Tenebrosque locum circa vidi undique amictu.
Hæcine vera quies quam quondam clamore sonabat
Cunctorum cantus! Pura illum nocte silentum!
Parva aliquæ suspensant [illegible] tristi cecla ruina.
Tum dum, [illegible] pestem aperiente, vocabat ad ora
Curtia quem de te natas ut gaudia vici

Tempore praesenti nova dulcis revocat aurora
Fertilia et alterno exhorrea pede quatimus lacta
Tubarales cati sub lora trahimus juga.
Stravit pruinas omnes dies sub sole bullientes
Ejicere, atque alios omnes pecuaria pervias.
Ecce ego meae valles nativique patrique Superetos.
Carmine nunc casulam quoque sicco strammine tectam
Tempore quo prima vitalia lumina vidi.
Jam mucosa pecus, cornibus nova munera ferat
Haec via, quae, cives vici ducebat ad aedem
Pergultis est nunc et spernis aspera densis.
Cum pavidum quatibus lusi sub tegmine opaco
Pagorum, quae olim sedes hic pionde fegebant.
Et quae non hodie bullunt de vertice ad auras
Exporta affulsit mihi nulla vita serena
Nunc autem sum maturis consumptus annis.
Et quietum tempus mea volat pectora laeta
Sicut ad tepidos mundabunt lumina flebit.
Cum primum se salutant, praestingue dulces
Post reviso et tibi mi
Post revisi ut beta suas longaeve paterna.
Extremo Vehit Agri Dulci

(Commandé Saint Denis

Fidèles Serviteurs, vous savez que Dieu a toujours
bénis nos Souverains infidèles et que le
Seigneur St-Denis a voulu se reposer
ces lieux encore humides du sang de Jésus Christ.
Comment vous raconterai-je les persécutions
et les tourments que souffrent ici les
pauvres qui veulent y chanter. Je vais emprunter
Sa voix si elle peut se mêler aux infirmes
et des vieillards; des enfants arrachés aux
embrassements maternels sanglotent au tribunal
chez les barbares le nom du Dieu véritable.
Le disciple de Jésus Christ a été proscrit et
de nos jours du Souverain pontife par des
infidèles. Que vous dirai-je plus; accablés
de tant de maux, Seigneur vous vous êtes, elle
emplois votre cœur! Chrétiens, qui m'écoutez
pourriez-vous être insensibles à ses larmes, vous
qui chantez dans ces lieux de beaux cantiques de gloire
répondez-vous, entendez une question légitime;
le moment est venu de montrer si vous êtes
vraiment d'un vrai courage; le moment est venu

Empire tout de victoires consacrées au service de la paix, tout de victoires souillées par l'injustice. Vous qui fûtes si souvent la terreur de vos contemporains, vous maintenant, nouveaux Machabées, vous défendez la maison d'Israël. Il ne s'agit plus de venger les injures des hommes mais celles de Dieu; il ne s'agit plus de l'attaque d'une ville, mais de la conquête des lieux saints, vous triomphez des Samaritains et des ennemis de Dieu. Vous vivez dans un siècle de corruption, Satan a inventé des supplices, il allume partout la flamme des discordes, il arme contre Jésus-Christ et l'Église et la impiété et les fait servir même dans la haine de la vérité. Partout il n'y a que des esprits impurs, partout la religion est profanée, les lois de l'homme et de la justice ne sont plus respectées, vous venez pour arrêter le cours du scandale et le triomphe du démon. O Sauveur, que nos cœurs vous désirent, que vos mains se hâtent de répandre la colère de Dieu. Déjà le tout puissant a levé son bras pour maudire la terre, déjà il en a chassé les légions de démons et les pensées impures de son fils, Marseille toute coupable

Sur nos fautes que nous attirent les crimes des
pleurons sur la malheureuse Jérusalem, mais que
nos larmes ne soient pas comme la semence jetée
sur le sable, et que la guerre s'allume au feu de
notre repentir. Commençons une révolution miraculeuse,
foudroyons toutes les Sarrasins, arrachons de nos
travaux de la guerre les fautes commises au sein de
la paix. Ces paroles de Bernard embrasaient tous
les coeurs et ressemblaient à la flamme ardente
descendue du ciel. Pas semblée des fidèles entraînée
par l'enthousiasme, se leva toute entière, et d'une
voix unanime lui répondit; "Dieu le veut!" Dieu le
veut" Ensuite Bernard continua.

Si l'on venait vous annoncer que
l'ennemi est entré dans nos villes, qu'il s'est
emparé de vos demeures, qu'il a enlevé vos épouses
et vos enfants et qu'il a profané les sanctuaires
de Dieu, le Christ, ne voleriez-vous pas tous aux
armes? Eh bien de plus grands malheurs sont
arrivés aujourd'hui à Jérusalem. Les Sarrasins
ont frappé de leurs glaives cruels la grande
famille de Dieu, le Christ, famille qui est aussi la
vôtre, ils ont profané le Sépulchre du Sauveur

, ils ont dépouillé les autels, ils ont foulé aux pieds
la croix de notre rédemption. O Guerriers Chrétiens,
ne voulez-vous pas venger tant d'injures, ne verserez-
vous pas votre sang pour défendre le tombeau
de Jésus-Christ, un Sarrasin impie profanera-t-il
impunément la sainte croix. Si vous laissez triompher
les Sarrasins, votre opprobre sera éternel. Oh, Jour!
Jour de pays Chrétiens, au milieu de votre France
y a-t-il un guerrier assez lâche pour le permettre;
ce serait un opprobre éternel pour notre siècle
et un malheur pour la Chrétienté universelle.
La vengeance de Dieu ne manquera pas d'éclater sur
nos têtes, si nous ne le défendez pas contre les attaques
de ses ennemis, Volez donc aux armes, et que l'amour
de Jésus-Christ vous anime au combat, Si vous
triomphez les bénédictions du ciel seront votre
partage, et si vous succombez, vous aurez l'honneur
de mourir aux mêmes lieux que Jésus Christ.
et bien n'oubliez point qu'il vous aura sur vous
sa milice sainte. Bannissez ces lâches affections,
ces sentiments profanes que vous retiennent dans
vos foyers; Soldats du Dieu vivant, reconnaissez plus
que les gémissements de Dieu. Et si vous appelez

à sa propre défense, ne croyez pas que le Seigneur est devenu moins puissant. Sans doute il pourrait envoyer des anges pour exterminer ses ennemis; il ne tiendrait qu'à lui de prononcer un seul parole pour anéantir la race impie des Sarrasins, mais c'est par vous qu'il veut faire triompher sa cause; il veut vous ouvrir le chemin du salut. C'est à vous seuls qu'il veut devoir la ruine de ses ennemis; pour cela Dieu vous appelle à expier vos péchés en le défendant contre l'impiété. Voilà le combat que vous attend! Combat que vous attirera les bénédictions du ciel aussi bien que les applaudissements de la terre. Allez donc, chevaliers de Jésus-Christ, allez à l'exemple de vos pères, abandonnez des biens périssables, et marchez à la conquête d'un royaume que ne périra jamais.

(Suite de l'Eloge de Caton)

Grecs et compatriotes, aucun même amour de la liberté et une haine de la tyrannie ne rassemblent aujourd'hui dans mon sein d'assister à ces solennités que j'appelle les beaux jours de notre opulence et de notre gloire, à ces combats où jadis nos ancêtres s'habituaient à lutter contre l'ennemi et à remporter des victoires; mais nos ancêtres ont été plus heureux que nous. Flaminius, salué au milieu des jeux Olympiques par les applaudissements de la Grèce entière, n'eut pas la douleur de voir son triomphe des honneurs par la générosité du roi de Perse. Et nous, enfants de cette même patrie, lorsqu'un étranger, un ennemi vient nous dire que nous sommes libres, nous poussons des cris de joie, et nous appelons la Grèce entière à partager notre allégresse. Malheureux que vous êtes! ne voyez-vous pas que recevoir la liberté des mains d'un ennemi, c'est nous reconnaître des esclaves, c'est baiser la main qui est prête à nous frapper. Cependant nous avons donné des remerciements et des hommages à Flaminius, nous l'avons comblé d'éloges, nous avons salué en lui un consul Romain. Ce n'est pas là notre vertu. O Grecs, mes compatriotes, méprisez vous-mêmes

semblables promesses? Flaminius vous a trompés en vous promettant la liberté. Ce bienfait précieux ne se donne pas, il faut le gagner, il faut l'emporter à force de combats et de victoires. Et quand même il pût le donner, ne serions-nous pas forcés d'obéir à ses caprices; ne nous regarderait-il pas comme ses alliés? Non, mes compatriotes, nous ne devons jamais unir notre politique à celle d'une nation qui veut tout bouleverser, tout envahir. Rome veut aujourd'hui la Thessalie d'Italie, mais cette conquête ne suffit pas à son ambition, elle rêve celle du monde, elle veut enchaîner, elle veut écraser l'humanité entière. Dirai-je besoin de vous parler de la barbarie et de la cruauté de cette nation? Voyez la Sicile, cette île jadis si florissante, le royaume de Hiéron n'a plus aujourd'hui son antique splendeur, et ses habitants se répentent, mais hélas trop tard! d'avoir été les alliés de Rome. Voyez aussi Carthage, cette ville naguère si puissante qui couvrait la mer de ses nombreux navires, la voilà aujourd'hui réduite à porter le joug de Rome, elle ne lui est pas même permis de se défendre. O dieux immortels! quelle triste condition! Et bien, Grecs, ces

Rome nous menaçait toujours. Elle ne
nous savons pas les détourner, Rome est notre im-
placable ennemi, elle hait avec plaisir nos dissensions
intestines, elle les fomente même, elle suit de ses
soldats et de ses or ses rebelles, et attend avec impatience
le moment favorable pour fondre sur notre malheureuse
patrie et l'écraser. Notre liberté a été menacée
autrefois, je le sais bien, Athènes, Sparte, Thèbes
ont maintes fois tenté de la détruire et assurer à
notre patrie; mais du moins ces nations étaient Grecques
et nous n'avions pas tombé entre les mains d'une
étrangère. Non, Dieux, je vous en supplie, ne croyez
pas à ces protestations d'amitié, nous n'avons rien
à espérer de l'alliance de Rome et si elle nous
veut tout craindre, mais si nous voulons être
libres, si nous voulons recouvrer les chaînes qu'elle
nous forge, comptons plutôt sur Hannibal
n'attend que le moment favorable pour fondre sur
ce colosse que déjà menace d'envahir l'Asie.
Comptons plutôt sur Hannibal quoique
Rome n'ait pas laissé sanguinaire sur les plaines
malheureuses de Zama. Il pourrait épier
les désastres de Cannes et de Thrasymène.

et fait tomber jusque dans son Capitole cette nation altière. Voilà des alliés que connaissait notre état présent, voilà des nations de la part de qui nous n'avons rien à craindre, et de ces sacrés d'Hannibal et d'Antiochus nous manquent, et sommes-nous parvenus puissants pour pouvoir nous en passer. Est-ce que nous avons oublié tout-à-fait les hauts faits de nos ancêtres et leurs victoires éclatantes, Aujourd'hui est-ce que nous manquons de généraux pour nous conduire au combat? Philopémen ne vaut-il pas Hannibal et peut-être plus heureux que lui Parviendra-t-il à abattre la fierté de cette nation de barbares, et de l'enchaîner dans ces mêmes fers qu'elle a forgés pour nous. L'unité seulement nous manque pour achever ce glorieux dessein; mais si Sparte et Athènes voulaient oublier leurs querelles, pour ne plus marcher sous la même Aspasie, Dieux, nous pouvons vaincre et nous vaincrons. Flamininus lui-même a reconnu notre force en nous appelant à marcher contre Philippe. Unissons-nous donc à nos compatriotes, réunissons-nous pour cette cause sacrée, et au lieu de verser notre sang en des dissensions civiles, au lieu de livrer notre patrie par nos

combats sanglants, mais beaux contre l'ennemi, les leçons,
divines de sublimes qu'elle nous a données dans son
Capitole, la victoire entre nous. Et en ajoutant
Jésus, vous nous rendez digne des héros antiques
de la Grèce. C'est ici que Léonidas le Spartiate
acheta par une mort glorieuse et applaudissements
au monde entier, c'est ici que Miltiade obtint le
prix du vol de Rose. Mais qu'en - je besoin de vous
rappeler ces glorieux souvenirs, la Grèce entière les
connaît. Oh ! Elle aux siens qu'elle veuille les
reconnaître. Alors, mes camarades, nous vous
dirons autour de l'étendard de Philopémen,
Levez-le dans cette noble carrière qui vous
mènera et la liberté sera le glorieux prix du
Combat

Robert Mac Brady
du Petit Séminaire d'Aubenas

Oratio ad Iudices

Salvete, Athenae, cuncta caelo dilectissima, quam
supera omnibus donis adornaverunt, quam pruden-
tissima deorum quotidiana cum fovet et imperanto
subsidio tuetur! Una in terra Graecia est, ex qua spatio,
sed nomine latissima ergo, quae terra, licet perpetua
diuturnorum arborum virgultata, maxime frequentissima
navium corona. Cingentes ei montes super dilecunt,
dilecunt opportunissimas fluctus, et insulam aspectu
ubilatoque pratissimum et portas quas ipsa natura
comparavit. Sino sedem illam peculiarem elegerunt
sanctamque effigiem sortitam pro tanta et tot claris memo-
riis. Maximam denique gloriam, partam opulentia,
partam commerciis, partam artibus, partam imprimis
bello, ultimos tibi ad imperium, stationemque ad pe-
cam cuiuscumque gentes servitutem repellendum et avertendam
ab exitio. At mattea terra, quam praecipuam vagorum
in orbe constituunt, constituunt quae perpetuum et
Athenas, non cum palatiis ac pinacothecis et fastigium
exigi voluerunt, sed subita amplificatam et
gentium regnum appellarunt, ita quae quam dilecta, quam
quanto amore hanc complectamur et cum dum [illegible]

[illegible] excitaverunt pertinaces artium viros qui monumenta
[illegible] struunt de aqua ista cupiunt, quam [illegible] pueros qui
[illegible] recubuerunt qui patriae gloriam [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] celebrarunt.

Hic, Judices justissimi, non propriis ambus luminibus, sed
Oculis quodam spectris afflatum, videamus de domestico
crimine impii libris recusant, Rob Rudor, vix quis
audes, quod patrona auctoritas et majestas tua conspectum
quod hoc fundamentum amici excelsum sunt animum
Dicta; vix mitigare accusatores cur habeam, quos
oratores defensores que meum de discriminibus pa-
spembam. Hoc maxime mirum quod nunc pelus ut hic
comm mentem, per ubi nos domestum animum
existimant damnantur, quam tibi audiri defensis
Deprecatum mea causa. Domus multo magis eos
qui me de vita deiiciendum arbitrati sunt; ab mihi ex
ita mente, qui hoc gradus omni opinione accusatores compos
sitorum, hoc pax ubi esse [illegible] hoc domo patria
hoc in casu recusato [illegible] Virum
est, dos immortales intendum habitus, quos Europa
hominum facinora [illegible] quae [illegible] Europa [illegible]
celeberrimus possunt, sunt magnam [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
spes, quæ cogitationes avolant libenter. Quas autem cum
Pactumeium animum aliquando caccavi, tanquam oculos, et
mihi deos eodem ibi sine sedem posse ait. Varias
vitas et multum causam apud nos agere, se studiorum
fusius verbis meis monstrare, quam causam mutare
actionem, licet amis urgentibus, et omni re familiari carere.
Adsunt ante oculos vestros omnia operum meorum nomina,
quæ [illegible] in hodiernum diem publica negotia mea occupavit
Intelligitis, quinquam taceam, me meum officium
Itaque non multis verbis, puto, me
mihi damnationis aliquos vitæ meæ dies publicis et
privatis; sed unum illud scio, quod semper a juventute
in judicium vocatus sum, me patere a filiis, Sanctum,
ne dii immortales omnia felicitate meæ mutaverint, et
solam eam, quæ olim integram permanserit, quam ipse
assiduis meis laboribus paravi, tragœdias scelerat,
quæ vera vitæ falsa fieri possunt. Quamobrem, quod
dii omen avertant! timere mihi videor, ne aliquando
hæc civitas pœnam fortunam habeat, quippe quæ me
semper eadem opera in tali fabula quæsierit, dii, postquam
ex eae præparavi juventute veram ad senectutem
et meam formam relatam decessero, fieri potest

ut hostes intra oppidum, numerum eorum, mœnia, ne
ædium copiam latibulum, quam in diem hostis tabulas
et magistratus observandi præcepta, quam ob latam
Græcorum disputandi ac barbarorum necessitudines ad-
ac negotiationes mundarum gentium non cessavere, non
deos ac nonnemipsi Athenas oppidum copiam ac
dignitate recreavimus et celebravimus

Robert MacDaid
Élève du petit Séminaire
d'Athènes

Mort du pécheur

Vient-elle à toi, elle vient à la fois à ton esprit
[illegible] et [illegible] à ton cœur, et [illegible] à ton
[illegible] et [illegible]

Jérusalem [illegible] pour toi, où les ennemis
t'assiégeant, t'environneront de tranchées, te cerneront
de toutes parts, et te raseront, toi [illegible]

Réflexions.

Cette prophétie de la mort des habitants
de Jérusalem est une figure de la mort funeste
qui attend les méchants au sortir de la vie. Ces
avertissements, ces attraits, ces voix pour [illegible]
les tentations, les alarmes, les frayeurs, le désespoir
d'un pécheur [illegible], ses cris sont les divers
efforts que fait son cœur, la conscience qui le presse, la grâce
de Dieu qui le menace, l'appareil des tourments qui
lui sont dressés devant les yeux, et qui lui font voir d'une
vue fixe et certaine l'horreur de ses crimes,
le châtiment de ses désordres. Mais quelque effrayantes
que soient ces choses, malgré tout ce bruit épouvantable
et [illegible] plus d'entendre la voix de la mort

[illegible] la sensation où se trouve un pécheur à cette heure
suprême, où les années et les siècles d'une affreuse
éternité se déroulent devant lui, où
l'avenir [illegible] ses horreurs [illegible] pour
l'infortuné jeté dans les abîmes de feu,
désespérés, [illegible] mort [illegible] ce vaste tableau
sur lequel de cet état terrible, de nous
rendre sensible tout ce que le péché a de hideux
et [illegible] et autour de lui et dans lui-même,
quelles sont ses pensées, ses sentiments, ses peines
(tortures)
des remords, d'étaler devant vos yeux la conscience
pâlie et souillée par les traits du crime et ayant
obscurcissant à ce dernier moment de son agonie
l'assentiment [illegible] et [illegible] et
(corps)
vaincu la [illegible] pour ces pénétrantes [illegible] La mort de
son maître. Mais, [illegible] Sondez
cet abîme. Mes frères, je me contenterai de vous dire
en un mot ce tableau affreux d'un pécheur de l'église
que la mort est comme l'horizon du temps et de l'éternité
Car dans [illegible] pour que la vie se sépare de la mort le milieu
[illegible] le milieu [illegible] dans l'éternité, on [illegible]
dans l'un [illegible] pour [illegible]
le milieu [illegible] des deux éternités qu'il unit, les
vivants [illegible] tant qu'ils sont dans la vie dont elle est

Le dernier et le plus redoutable de tous est l'endurcissement de la mort du pécheur est ordinairement malheureuse comme sa vie, ordinairement malheureuse comme son éternité. Je ne vous parlerai point de l'impénitence finale du pécheur qui met le comble à ses crimes par son obstination, je vous parlerai seulement de cette [illegible] et mortelle, de cet empire absolu que contracte le mauvais Chrétien à la dernière heure. Exposons les terreurs de cette à Vierge Sainte, de qui nous espérons tous obtenir la grâce de mourir dans le sein du Seigneur, munis des lumières nécessaires pour ne pas tomber [illegible] de la mort du pécheur. C'est ce que je prie, que j'annonce avec tant de force les menaces et les jugements de Dieu contre ceux qui meurent dans leurs péchés, je le prie de me le faire connaître. C'est la grâce que je vous demande par les prières de la Sainte Vierge.

Patris Ignatii

Epistolae ad P. Casparem Stein.

Salutem in Domino, auctore Deo nostro Jesu Christo. Ad vestrum et splendorem regni tui bonis auspiciis incepti opus non pertinuerunt. Quo, Salvane, maxime cum quae Principes Ecclesiae amant, Christo auctore ita decet Sodales vestros Madrid. Non ita mea hoc eadem persuasum est assentatio reipsa, ubi meae cogitationum mearum et quod est futurum non praevidere cum reverentia. Non quoniam Salvane, Ecclesiae regni totum gloriam ipsorum ipsa famamque. Quod ego mihi apud eos laudare, meum tibi et Societatem melius intelligit. Illae res justissimae nitor justae diligentiae, totam publicitudinem omnibus et plus Domingue ostendunt et me vestrae non patiuntur. Quod ut te hanc non datis mandant, a te quamvis ut tecum reputes quam quemadmodum leges in historiis praecepta vel admonet Principes reipublicae, vel artes militares gerendi: quae tum res gravissimas de quando navarentur quomodo labore populi atque omnia constituatque res publica cupiatur, Deus ea auferre, navitia et luxus ni ruinam praecipitatur. Haec tibi totam tam plenam ac prorsus litteris. Tum si ita res Sodalis ejusdem e republica Deus quae nos pulcherrimus causam officium et mentem delectando ad omnes magis mali

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE ARCHIVES

Sed quidem super humanum existentia quae aliqua
diuina munera commendate sunt et cupe quae sui sui
speculi mentis. Hanc pulsa animum et cupe voluptas
spectat quae opera non magis ne [illegible] debet tutae
apta quam ad utilitatem decus patriae suae, mo
genioris humani, in lucem edidere. Semper itaque,
Sulpicio, populum et Romae per maximo pulcra honora
honestamenti; Horarum enim populum nubes
spectant et cum quanta admiratione respectum
illa actus quae Democritus, Eucratius, Empedocles, Horatius
Alios quos Praetera tulit? Quid est ut Brucii tam
magnum, laudem famamque illi comparaverunt?
Quia apud eos litterarum studia augebant? Hodie
Athenienses Menandrum, Aeschini, Sophoclis, Euripidis
apud eos mortui gloriam augent. Inclarum obtulae
sunt quae in barbaris delubrum sed cum plebs
Romana maxima est in naturam mentis et cupe-
gloriae et Romae dominam tulit. Quid est quod
Romanis magnum tam fama, ad barbara deducta est?
Eo fit quia litteras oblita est. Sed nationes quae has
Colucunt litteras, Graecas, Gradus sunt vitae quae
Patriae suae Ouncubum attribuunt. Itaque te patrem,
Cicero, quem ut dolo Augusto et diuinum parentem

tum Christianum ~~Legem~~ optimarum Clarum vestigia
Imperatorum sequi, Libertas protegendo et culta deum
Verum. Sed forte times ne Christiani a majorum
sed, ~~non~~ Populum Romanum corruptis moribus possint. Non
te sed ne illos moveat. Ne mos vim pondus Veritatis Doctrinae
Totum suum vindicant - pulchritudinem et his
sequi quae hodie deliniantur ~~ete~~ ad laudandum
Neque tuas gestas ~~ad~~ tantum. Et quamvis in eversibus
suis Reverentes eos Prohibeas ad Libertatem
Invita de nobis corpore. Rem dignam me
omnes cupiebant de Salvatore hoc turpi facto corpus
gloriam suam maculari velit! Quid decent posteri
putem legent de tuis annis Libertas Libertas duo et Imperio
fuit tuissa, Cum vindicabant summum nomen turpi facto
corpus tum, intio, parvas pomoeperes te vitio adhibebant
et nomen suum decent maculam Populo Romano tu decepta
despicant. Sacerdotia tuta in Christianos mirum vindicant
Libenter vindicta exercitum Christianorum numerum
Explet hoc magnum Imperium maculare posse
Aequamvis omnibus pracebus te Lastantius, Semper nunquam
Quam pacem Voluisse maculam
Sed ab eis vobis meliora. Numero Basilii Gregorii
Nec illos numerem, non Solum ex Libertas sed mo

ex [illegible] tuis concurrendi [illegible]; qui enim
bonae vitae [illegible] melius quam [illegible] fuit.
Quare, Sultane, cum illi [illegible] nobis
oportet, nos [illegible] ad majorem [illegible]
ex nostris omnia haec [illegible] animis quae nobis dedisti
sunt speramus et notitiam historiae [illegible]
de Christianis ipsi [illegible], [illegible] quae [illegible]
[illegible] non est sed pura [illegible].
Totum ipsum [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
Sic Caesar te ad omnia honesta [illegible]
Christiani ipsi [illegible] mentis [illegible] famamque
tuam extendunt ad posteros. Ego tibi promittere possum
audes in futurum, in praesens autem, si fieri possit,
gratiorem a nobis in te cultum ac [illegible]

Robert Mac Brady
[illegible] [illegible]

Discours Latin
Phocaeorum duy ad Gallos

Phocaeorum gens sumus, Galli; nuper opulentissima nobis erat ni Asiatica ora civitas; jam ea nulla est. Nempe quum Persae, vobis nostris acriori, nos primo terrerent, magnâ deinde armorum vi ad ultimum discrimen adducerent, plerique maluimus libertatem quam urbem servare, et mari (quae sequi non potuerant) tum publicas tum privatas fortunas committimus. Non hostes igitur ad vos venimus, sed hospites; non latrones praedam, at exules patriam quaesumus. Nempe mentes sunt nobis ad bellum animi; quippeque omnem adversus Persis denunciationem, pacem nostris omnibus cernimus lutumque ab insidiis locum. Naves illas aspicite, non ferro actas, sed opibus, et utrâque re, artibus, ornatas; num hostium mores putatis? Num pugnae apparatum? Comitatae hanc multitudinem sexûs puerilisque et senum; ultrum vobis videntur bellum minare, an rogare ut eorum misereamini, et miseris urbibus condendae urbis sedem et incolendum agrum concedatis. Nomen quoniam nomine urbis

judem facit? Qui enim vestrum ignorat Phocaeos omni tempore commerciis inclaruisse; cum nullo alio populo armis contendisse ausi ut sua tutarentur, sed Tyriorum Carthaginensiumque aemulos primo cunctos hostes, mox adiutos, tum socios amicosque classibus fortissimos? Ma, multa quam bene, quamque sobrie ne dicam sapienter, celebravisse colonias et ubique non accepisse tantum hospitalem modum, verum etiam ubique esse accersitos? Testis est Cumana tellus, quam regio, quam maiores nostri divinum ac plurimis reportatam civitatibus, quam ipsa vis Graia tellus, voluerunt. Testis est Thracia, quam barbaram truculentamque nostra aliqua ex parte mollire coeperunt. Testes praeterea caeteras maris legati orae, quas plerasque novimus, et quibuscum nunc etiam commercii societatem habemus. Testis vero Asprius ac manifestus Corsica ipsa insula, tutissimum navibus praesidium atque insuper gens Phocaeis amicissima. Iam inde Liguri nostri et Italiae, et Galliae, et Hispaniae et ipsius Africae littora facilius adire; quid vero de nostra hac Ora, unde Italiae quam ex quam alias Tuscum mare patet, tandem patriam macerremus? Quae ego

Postea, nunquam ad occidentem erat, quam non adeamus? Quae vero loca per Oc, cumcumque modo voluerit, mutuoque mores admovere non valeamus.

Quod si tamen, Galli, adeo longum iter omnes omnesque ad nos venremus, ne prius quam nisi littoribus classem sistimus; non modo Nos hujus loci opportunitas, at imperii nominis, mansuetudinis, libertatis nostrae fama habebat. Etenim propiores ex Asia et per mare ad terras ab eo tempore navigantibus plures, oberant quae de earum portus hospitium ni praeessent, multarum destituendarum aequoque augendarum rerum facultatem apperuta Portendebant, obortam grandem, ornatissima ac cognita omnium, ad quam libenter ac potentiae jam pecuniosae deas, ut unius viri imperium, respublicae ac domesticis negotiis infestissimum jugum, aequo animo ferat, obortam grandem et Argi et Sparta loqui alia quaeque nationes ad navigandum et ad jungendam commercia, praeter quam natura, clam, ex relatione etiam donae; quas tamen omnes, ut pote ant tyrannis obnoxias aut domestico nomini invisatas, desperimas et praeterimus. Obortam grandem Roma illa, ex recenti et nobili origine ad maximum totius Italiae dominationem velut subita

implacabiles inimicos, quid autem? Regibus, maximis
gentibus, Roma semper spectatissima, magisque etiam Tarquinii
orum quam Tullia te imperium horremus; Dirus tyrannos
quos non accepimus, nullum patiebamur. Quapropter
hortantes, simulque rogantes parentes patriamque a
vos adoptimus, Galle. Hic et in primis cupimus Tarquinii
cupiunt, immune hospitium, summam libertatem, religio-
nem, et praeclara cum populo Romano magnitudinis. Hic
forte nos fama bellum, me vobis placet gentes hujus reliquias
excipere, neque unis urbis sidem et necessarios sed
etiam agros concedere, et contra multos Phocaeos
bam pergere ac mutuo cum hoc populo suas divitias
simque officia oblaturos.

Officia dico, neque enim vestrae tantum manus et mentis
ant, id quod polliceris, at quoque intellectus. Hunc
arbitramini et hunc nostrae artes navigandi, si vos haec
documentum, nullum et mercatus praetium praeclusos
esse, nullam et opibus nostris portam. Quid vero quod
omnigenis artibus favent commercia? Quid quod Gallia
non minore cum qua cum antea colimus et vobis cum
Asiaticis gazis Graiae disciplinas offerimus? Quid
quod urbem et structuram, et variis marmoris monumentis
portus celeberrimum, deliciis comparatam, quanquam
nulli alii virtute et portuum cum impares

, cujus denique gloria (quamvis excellentissima prestantia nostræ patriæ fama nugnari licet) partum quidem ad nos, partum vero quoque ad vos aliquando reperietur ?
Deus igitur reformans ut vobis dent montium ri et vita Phocaïs opportunum et mansuetam, stabilis etiam utilem; ut uno verbo, erroribus nostris finem imponatis, nec diutius patiamini hanc vastissimam subterranei maris crassi manu cœli beneficio ad se donatam, et nullo portu, nullo præsidio tutam esse a prædonibus

Ou Scholastical

Le Camoens au vice roi des Indes

Divin Prince ; tant de siècles depuis le temps de ces beaux jours qui m'ont vu naître, je ne viens point auprès de vous implorer des faveurs ; à quoi pourraient-elles servir à un exilé. Un autre sentiment plus cher à mon cœur me fait demander la protection de votre bonté. Les muses du Tage appellent auprès d'elles le chanteur de la Lusiade et mon âme languit de revoir ces rives chéries où les beaux jours de ma jeunesse s'écoulaient au milieu du bonheur et de l'étude des belles-lettres. O Alaïd qu'on est malheureux d'être plus exilé de patrie lorsque l'on a malheureux sur une plage lointaine, de ne de voir entendu de ~~voyages et~~ peines et des paysages étrangers. Plus que tout autre, je le sens : car j'avais consacré ma jeunesse à chanter la gloire de mon pays. Eh, Dis bonne, c'était pour toi que j'avais imploré la Muse de la poésie, que j'avais vu toute mon âme dans ces chants que ont-la cause de toutes ces souffrances ? ambition, honneurs, espérances j'y avais tout consacré ; mais malheur que je sens, malgré tout mon dévouement, malgré tout mon amour de la patrie, le cruel a deviné toute mon

de mes ennemis que m'ont condamné de quitter
les rives chéries de Vaga et de promener ma
malheureuse destinée sur les plages de Numidie.
J'avais des belles lettres à écrire moi-même. Ah!
Portugal! toi ne comprendras pas que je travaillais
pour ta gloire et tu m'as chassé de ton sein comme
indigne d'être appelé ton enfant. Eh quoi! on
m'accuse d'infidélité envers la patrie! Allez
interroger les Maures de Ceuta, dis-leur si Coutinho
s'est battu contre eux parmi les
légions du Portugal et s'il a versé son sang
dans les sables brûlants de leurs déserts. Partout
j'ai combattu contre les ennemis de ma patrie
et pour elle j'ai affronté tous les dangers. Mais
pourquoi vous rappeler mes infortunes, pourquoi
nommer un seul pays, Numidie entière a vu
mes malheurs, chaque rivage a bagné de ses
cruelles mes plaintes. La Chine me reçut pour un
temps, mais ma mauvaise fortune m'a suivi dans ce
pays presque inconnu. La Chine comme le Portugal
me chassa, car le malheur ne trouve point d'amis
point de patrie, changer de compatriote le monde
entier insulte à l'infortune. De là je me suis retiré
dans un désert battu par les flots de l'Océan et là

Puisque j'avais été heureux de la souvenir de la
patrie ne venait trop souvent attrister mes plaisirs
que la douleur avait faites à mon âme. Ainsi
si tombe d'une chaîne circulaire, je composais les
derniers chants de la Jérusalem et m'efforçais des
bonnes coutumes je cherchais à m'inspirer des
mêmes accents que je trouvais dans ma jeunesse
sur les bords du Tage. Mais comment chanter
pour une âme étrangère la gloire de la patrie?
Les Israélites qui, sur le bord de l'Euphrate
ne pouvaient point chanter les Cantiques de
Sion, mais suspendaient tristement leurs
lyres sur les branches des arbres et pleuraient
les beaux jours de leur gloire. Ainsi moi, je
cherchais en vain à chanter ma patrie.
Mais le souvenir a porté dans ma retraite
le nom de Don Sebastien, son amour de belles
lettres et de la gloire, j'ai voulu aller auprès
de lui, lui lire la Jérusalem que m'inspira mon
amour de la patrie. Oh non! je sens qu'il ne
me mépriserait pas, mais qu'il me recevrait dans
son palais, qu'il écouterait mes vers et me
combler de ses faveurs. Généreux Prince,
puisse-t-il répondre aux temps par son peuple, puisse-t-il

j'ai pleuré sur moi sur la patrie et le bonheur.
Adélaïde ; laissez moi à vos pieds ce grand poète
à qui il est permis à un soldat qui a prodigué pour
lui son sang en Afrique dans les déserts de chanter
auprès de son trône la gloire du Portugal. Mais
si ma malheureuse destinée me poursuit jusque
sur les flots, si la tempête soulève autour de
l'abîme de l'Océan son mugissement, je dirai
que je dois à ma patrie que m'a coûté tant de
pleurs, et qui m'a fait éprouver tous les hasards
de la fortune. Rendez-la après tant de travaux je vous
- dit mon bonheur. Mais si encore je ne trouve
en Portugal que des cœurs insensibles, si l'envie
suscite encore contre moi de nouveaux malheurs,
si mes blessures rouvrent ces plaies que la haine
de la patrie avait cruellement déchirées, je
me consolerai que comme mon Homère chanta
les héros de sa patrie et que comme moi il fut pauvre
et malheureux. Tout ce que je demande, noble Adélaïde,
c'est de revoir le beau ciel de ma patrie, les rives chères
pour lesquelles je vis et de mourir dans ces beaux lieux où
j'ai coulé en paix les beaux jours de ma
jeunesse.

Robert Mc Gladdy

Hinc unde Parectum [illegible] allegantur
sum in sebla inuenta recitatori

Quos facilem cernis juvenes consistere in orbem
Hic pretate pares nec sanguine cohaud-
Assuei matris certatim ovaria lacebam
Grates et navibus munera parca ferunt
Arboribus vix forma redit seu pota campis
Ornatusque dolum vexerunt nati;
Et humiles tepidis vrolae nascentur in arvis
Accubitusque caput detegit alnus odor:
Tunc varios nectent flores pro gramina furis
Et cassis praebunt flavida vela mihi.
Ornus nec vanis abstibus inbuet agnus
Sanguine nec tauri tinguetur area mihi
Munera sed, Dictas flumen Centaurides ad undas
Tuo cantum [illegible] cunctis erit
Inno Carta mea, tibi nam [illegible]
Compositaque fluvant frescia corda deis
Ut vitis [illegible] defendit, frondibus arbos
Carpit ic [illegible] Pan [illegible] Tem-
Sic [illegible] ovis [illegible] [illegible] pectora
Vitis [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Hinc ultra limites, procul inde decedite, Martis
Crudelis hinc ultrix, legiones facessite finem
Jam pax, custos horum, pietas et sapientia vestra
Hanc arcem sedem, manera sanctique Laris
Maneat, Regina sedet

Extract from Hon. J. Brown's Speech

Portrait of Frederick Barbarossa

Frederick was emphatically a representative man. He represented the brute force, intellectual license, and moral depravity of the 13th century. His personality, learning and political finesse; his love of pleasure, novelty and free speculation; his courage, his perfidy, his chivalry, his cruelty, his arrogance, his superstition - all combined in one man - were specimens of the various vices and excellencies of the subjects over whom he ruled. He was a thorough Italian. He appears to stand superior to the movements of his day, and while a typical representative of them, he bends them to his pleasure. His ambition, not content with four crowns, carried him through forty years of continual and aggressive war. His influence was greatly diminished by the extinction of many great feudal houses in Italy, Tuscany, and Romagna; but at last he fell - as Henry did opposing Germany, as Barbarossa did opposing Alexander - when proudly endeavouring to break the power of the holy See.

His enthusiasm for poetry and letters, for music

and art, was quite as remarkable as his ambition and his taste for war. He spoke Latin, Italian, German, French, Greek and Arabic, when, in all probability, not one in 400 of his Knights knew how to sign his name. He occupied many of his leisure hours in his choice library, pouring over rolls of Greek and Arabic manuscripts, which he had carefully collected in the East. Through his brilliant Chancellor Della Vigne, he announced that translations were to be made of many great and important works. He gave a code of enlightened laws to Italy, and published, for the 1st time, the code for Germany in the national tongue. He opened the University of Naples; and shrewdly perceiving how the study of jurisprudence was damaging his influence at Bologna, he took the direction of political education into his own hands; and at closing the University Constrained its 10000 students to leave the town. So great a sympathy did he entertain for struggling genius, that he supported 200 students at the University out of his own private purse, that they might thus acquire a tincture of philosophy.

But Frederick was a thoroughly worldly man.

Learning did not lead him to the practice of Christianity if he ever did seriously hold its teaching. His life among the infidels of the east appears to have upset his faith, and to have delivered him over to the influences of pohlite materialism. He publicly declares that he possessed the right to determine definitely every question whether human or divine. Some say that, no longer believing in the reality of a future life, he abandoned himself to all the excesses of sensuality. A legislator; a tyrant; generous, dissolute, courteous; a barbarian King under his tents in Lombardy in the North; when in the South he slept away his time, with all the voluptuous softness of a Sultan, in his Harems of Puglia and Sicily. He founded colonies of Saracens at Nocera. His castle, Foggia, was built in the Moorish style, was furnished according to Moorish tastes, and was surrounded by Mahommedan mosques, schools, and bazaars. At his splendid Court were collected from Germany, Italy and the East, the highest that could be found at that day, of courage, eloquence, learning. The flower of chivalry, the depth of science, kings and warriors, troubadours and minstrels, wits and beauties, all that was gayest

and brightest, all that was gorgeous and magnificent. Here were nurtured the grand-children of Averroës, the most-celebrated of Arabian philosophers. Here were to be seen sworthy Saracens, with their strange costumes, standing guard; graceful Mamelukes, attentive in their silent-service to every want; astrologers from Bagdad, with their loose garments and flowing beard; and Jews, learned and sedate, the interpreters of the wisdom that lay concealed in precious manuscripts brought over from Arabia. Here, shockingly indeed in a Christian country, but manifesting all the more the morality of those days, was Frederick's harem filled with prostitutes, living in the courtly magnificence of Eastern luxurious repose, waited upon by neat and agile eunuchs, and ministering to the sensuality of a man who once longed for the hand of St Elizabeth of Hungary, and offered his heart to St Agnes of Bohemia.

Frederick was never more at ease, than when in the company of the subtle, polished natives of the East. When in Palestine, he loved among the Mussulmans, and sent as a present to the Sultan a learned solution of difficult problems in Mathematics and Philosophy. The Sultan sent him in return, an artful and curious instrument for

indicating the movement of the stars. What ever formed
Capable of affording to his mind enjoyment or pleasure,
to his body in sensuality, that Frederick II made
no scruple of acquiring, and of using with all the
elegance and prodigality of a sensual man of genius,

Puseyism

One of the most spiritual enclaves, as one may call them, of the 19th Century, is the popular Puseyism, which is setting up its little opposition shop to Roman Catholicism in the midst of English society, and which yet, as far as we can judge, contains a flavor so distinct from Roman Catholicism that it is never likely to blend with it or be merged with it. When we call it popular we do not mean to say that it has as yet got on any real hold on the life of the largest class of society, which indeed of our churches can boast of that, unless the the Wesleyan, or, in relation to the Irish, the Roman Church itself? We only mean that this Puseyism is popular in the sense of obtaining a real hold over the minds of the careless and the unthinking, especially among women, though not so much in the middle or lower as in the highest section of society. It is not, like the teaching of the Broad Church, an appeal in great degree to the intellect. It does not connect itself vitally with questions of criticism or scholarship. It does not pretend to raise or solve the questions of the ultimate grounds of belief. Like all popular creeds, it relies on its resources of earnestness

Ans fascination for gaining a hold of the mind it attacks, without too careful a display of its credentials. It trusts to the masterfulness of its style and the glow of its rites and the passion of its devotion, to win those whom it does win — and they are, as we have said for the most part refined and enthusiastic women, women eager to jump at a faith without the trouble of searching for it. If you would study this popular Puseyism in its most effective form you should go not to the writings of Dr Pusey, or the scholars of the Party, but to the manuals which Mrs Orby Shipley, an able and earnest priest, pours forth in profusion from the press. Their distinctive note, to use a favorite word of the school, is to our minds a reclame of the monastic system with a dash of our natural obduracy and self will thrown in. Mrs Orby Shipley herself — if he we might — describe the impression he produces upon us in the language of the profane world — is often torn asunder by three not entirely inconsistent, but still often divergent passions, the self battling

Passion of the ascetic, the world hating passion of the religious enthusiast, the less keen hating passion of the ardent Dissenter. To have the last feeling ascribed to him may, no doubt, greatly shock him, and it must be admitted that for a sacerdotalist devoted to the highest doctrine of sacramental grace, and maintaining that all true ordination can come only through the Apostolic succession of Bishops, there is an eccentricity about the feeling. Nevertheless, though Mr. Shipley loves to contemplate a future age of the church when obedience to the bishops shall be of the essence of true ecclesiastical order, for the present he throws himself heart and soul into the duty of undermining the authority of the Episcopacy and exalting the authority of ordinary priests. To arraign the Episcopal Bench, through which alone he and his fellow priests have received that power of absolution of which they are so meekly proud, is meat and drink to him; to expose a bishop or two in a note, is evidently as grateful to his soul as it would have been to Mr. Examiner under Goulburn

In a word, the popular Recusancy which Mr Shipley's books seem to us to embody, includes enthusiastic obedience to mediaeval principles, an enthusiastic resistance to the only spiritual authority of the present day to which priests might be expected to defer. It combines the moral delight of a sincere and by no means inefficient crucifixion of self and the world with the unflinching and joyful rebelliousness of an inferior ecclesiastical order against that which is, according to Mr Shipley's principles, set over it by the Providence of the Church. There is something rather rasping in this combination of the joys of ascetic and over regulated self renunciation with the sweets of audacious and, in some way, we may even say, revolutionary, if not seditious intrigues against ecclesiastical authorities; but it gives a flavor of its own to Mr Shipley's writings. You can never quite mistake him for a Roman Catholic. There is a sedate self assertion, a dominance of manner about his manner, even in treating of other subjects than church reform. You can hardly imagine Mr Shipley thankful for the humiliations imposed upon him by the errors of his superiors. A certain contumacious sourness of spirit runs through his style. Even the cardinal virtues

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is pictured in the frontispiece to his last book, are all represented as sitting or standing bolt upright. There is no thirst for humiliations in his creed. He has chosen for himself a type of Catholicism, it is true, but it is a dissenting type of Catholicism, with the right of badgering his bishops duly reserved. Here is the safety valve through which he escapes complete emergence of the old Adam. He fosters a spirit of ecclesiastical insurrection at the heart of his devotions. He is horrified at the license of the world, but he keeps a shred of the Garibaldian red shirt over his heart beneath the black cloth. "The restoration of the Catholic faith in this country has passed from the Episcopacy to the priesthood", he says — let them, the lower sacerdotal order rise up in its majesty and lay down the law for the higher, instead of bending beneath the chastening rod of the Anglican bishops. There is a special "dispensation" conferring "abnormal" powers on the Anglican priesthood to serve the cause of God in ways in which the Anglican Episcopate is only a hindrance. And evidently the dispensation has had a tonic effect on these popular Passionists, engrafting something of elation of pride and manner on the lowliness of their ecclesiastical principles, which are helpful to them

recommending themselves and somewhat-baffled ideas.

I am afraid, however, that this tone principle which thus distinguishes the popular Puseyism from the genuine Roman Catholicism which it imitates, to some not-inconsiderable extent vitiates, while it stimulates, its teachings. Mr Shipley is excellently wise and better in his description of the world, but he borrows something from what he denounces too. "The many headed demon of Self, says he, under the form of self seeking, self pleasing, and selfishness, has utterly taken possession of, monopolises and emasculated the spirit of the times. "To such an extent has this demoniacal possession ensued, that the patient is utterly unconscious of his condition. Ignorant of his state, he flatters himself on taking thought and action for others on matters that are little else but refined and subtle efforts of cultivated and civilised selfishness. And he applies one self confidently boasts of his popular legislation; takes credit for his ceaseless efforts, proclaims himself generous for his ostentatious and pompous subscription list: prides himself on his impatient philanthropy; and at once blinds himself and detracts all who come in contact with him by his excitable and feverish social zeal."

is Rem description, but is there not more than a trace of the same Spirit in this Ritualistic Ritualism which preaches crosses, and Retreats and noonday prayer and daily Communion and Confessions and Penance and Mortifications of body and spirit, and the rest, and yet purges all these practices something like doubly because they are Condemned by Bishops and dreaded by the powers that be, and have so become the Signs of an ecclesiastical level?

And naturally enough, for the leaders of so wayward a Sacerdotal rising, Mr Shipley finds that the commonest defect of his converts is the waywardness of their obedience. They are very wanting, he says, in the grace of Reverence. Confession is adopted as a fancy and "abandoned when the need is supposed to be satisfied," the Sign of the Holy Cross is used, inconsequently, almost savagely used at one time; and then as unreasonably is not used at all. Retreats are tried once and once only; the experiment is not repeated, though they form a part of the ordinary spiritual life of many devout persons. Genuflections are made to the altar when the sacred Presence is not there: which is more than is needful; and then by and by, the head is not so much as bowed in passing God's earthly Tabernacle, which is certainly less. We never happened to meet with

a person who used the sign of the Cross, inconveniently, almost-savagely, but we can quite understand how the popular Russian would indulge in a sort of spasmodic empiricism of external rites, and very quickly abandon it again on not reaping the expected crop of spiritual fruit. The whole system is in some degree a sacerdotal sally against monarchical authority. Its force and encroachments are not due to the love of submission to authority; they are revolts against it, a playing off of the past against the ruling powers of the present. Mr. Shipley's curious book on the Cardinal virtues contains, besides an argument for disparating Church and State, an argument against allowing unlimited (he means limited) authority to the bishops, and much other unexpected matter which only a certain revolutionary fire of enthusiasm could have possibly got into a work on the Cardinal virtues. A description of a proposed Society of the Holy Cross a society for the clergy or intending clergy only, in which there are three orders, Queen, Red, and White; the Queen rule which is binding on every brother being Retreat-Length. The "standard of life" of the Queen Rule is a very curious document indeed. It imposes a host of external ordinances. The member is to use not later

than ½ 30, and use forms of oral prayer at waking and going to bed, when he is to sign himself with the sign of the Cross and say in Nomine Patris; he is to take part in matins and evensong, to institute a daily self examination, to read (on the knees if possible) a portion of Holy Scripture "as God's voice to him", to say a midday office, to say grace at meals, to eat only for the preservation of health and not for pleasure, to observe regularity as to fast-days, to be rigorous in wearing clerical dress, to observe from all entertainments which might prove an occasion of scandal, and, about the only spiritual rule mentioned, — he is to avoid speaking evil of or unjustly of any one except as a distinct duty. Moreover, there are other still more formal rules, such as "When two brothers meet the elder is to salute the younger with the words Pax tibi, to which the younger shall reply "Per omnia" except in the presence of strangers. Now, see this is a curious illustration of what we think a great feature of popular Puseyism. It is in spirit an uprising of the Anglican priests to assert the dignity of their own order. The "Society of the Holy Cross" even in its lowest order, is limited to men in orders. What it is trying to aim at is to give to the sacerdotal order a greater external

dignity and a closer cohesion, and it pursues this object even to the rather absurd detail of prescribing scraps of Latin, in which any two of the brethren shall begin a conversation day about the weather, or the war, or the last ecclesiastical persecution when they meet. The Society is so obnoxious to the Bishops that Mr Chipley in one of his despatches intimates, with a certain amount of elation, that it is doubtful whether an Oratory of the Society in London could be established without active opposition from the Bishops. Nor do we think that the Pope, though, of course, aims at Catholicising the laity — that is essential to the power of the priests — cares nearly so much to that end as to the means by which it is to be effected, viz. the sanctification of the clerical order. The force of the newest phase of the movement consists not in its theory, but in the new power of clerical pride and authoritativeness which it reveals — as well in relation to the proper ecclesiastical superiors of the order, as in relation to the feminine world which is ready to take it at its own appraisement. It represents not so much the Catholic theory, as a militant priesthood demonstrating at once against the world beneath and the hierarchy above it. (3rd March 1871) Spectator

Infallibility

The privilege of infallibility is personal, inasmuch as it attaches to the Roman Pontiff, the successor of Peter, as a public person, distinct from, but inseparably united to the Church; but it is not personal, in that it is attached, not to the private person, but to the primacy, which he alone possesses.

It is also independent, inasmuch as it does not depend upon either the Ecclesia docens or the Ecclesia discens; but it is not independent, in that it depends in all things upon the divine Head of the Church, upon the institution of the Primacy by Him, and upon the assistance of the Holy Ghost.

It is absolute, inasmuch as it can be circumscribed by no human or ecclesiastical law; it is not absolute, in that it is circumscribed by the office of guarding, expounding and defending the deposit of religion.

It is separate in no sense, nor can so be called, without manifold heresy, unless the word be taken to mean distinct. In this sense, the Roman Pontiff is distinct from the Episcopate, and is a distinct subject of infallibility. Thus in the exercise of his supreme doctrinal authority, or Magisterium, he does not depend for the infallibility of his definitions upon the Consent or consultation of the Episcopate, but only on the divine assistance of the Holy Ghost.

Church

Every age of the Church is, in certain sense, more glorious than any of the ages which have preceded it. It is true that there have been special ages in which God has magnified the Church more visibly than others, and has been pleased to illustrate it with peculiar splendor; and these special ages have by no means followed each other in chronological succession. But on the whole the glory of the Church increases with its age. It becomes more famous by its many vicissitudes. Even that through which it passes is a fresh illumination of its supernatural and its heavenly character. It grows more honorable by the mere force of time, because of the increased number of dangers which it has surmounted, of hostile predictions which it has belied, and of fraud human solutions which it has outlived. Moreover the number of saints in the Church triumphant multiplies yearly, and cannot be, according to St Paul's law of sympathy, without influence on the Church militant. Thus the past, as it deposits, as forever adorning the Church with beautiful monuments and interesting memorials, while the present,

As it reinforces the multitudes of heaven, so never ceasing fresh vigor, joy, and liberty into the body upon earth

But the additional splendor of the Church, is the growth of its devotions. Although devotion comes out of doctrine, new devotions imply by no means new doctrines. Divine works are very vast and very fertile; and, if the least mystery of the Incarnation is probably unfathomable, even by angelic intelligence, it cannot be a matter of surprise to us that the human mind, employed upon any of those mysteries of love and prayer, and often with infused wisdom from above, should be making continual beautiful discoveries of beauty, of pathos or significance. The riches of Christ in the Incarnation are simply unsearchable. They are thus able more plentifully to disclose themselves in new aspects and in new connections to the pure and sanctified mind. Furthermore, the characteristics of the mind of each century often differ materially from the genius of the mind of another century. The mind of any one age sees things from its own point of view and reasons upon them in a way of its own,

and this of itself materially affects that body of devotional science which ages of meditation have brought together. Besides this, God is continually making private revelations to the saints and contemplatives; and these, not efficient causes, are received into the mind of the Church, and predominate in popular devotion. Each saint, as the Church tells us in the divine office, stands on an eminence of his own, which, though not necessarily higher than the eminences of other saints, is different from theirs, and is peculiarly his own. Thus each saint for the most part leaves some impression of himself on the Church, and that impression is most likely to be favourable in popular devotion. Hence, while it is the property of beautiful things to expand and grow, it is the prerogative of the Church to be the place, the soil and the climate in which this expansion shall be the most luxuriant and the most graceful.

Help to the Pope the Salvation of the World

In our last essay we drew attention to the fact that not a single existing Government has raised its voice in behalf of the outraged rights of the Pope; while on the other hand, there is not a single Catholic people, that has ceased protesting against this iniquity from the day when it was committed. There is much in this fact to cause sorrow, but for more, we think, to console. Amidst the ruins which the Revolution has caused in society, destroying Christian monarchy and corrupting civil and political authority at its very source, sweeping away the institutions to which a Catholic spirit had given birth and working an entire change in the manners and customs which it had originated and formed, the Church still lives and flourishes in undiminished, if we might not rather say increased vigor; for union is strength, and never did a closer union of love and obedience unite the whole body of the faithful or the episcopate and clergy to the universal Pastor, the common Father of all. We see in this union the hope of salvation to the world as well as the pledge of triumph to the Church, whose triumph can alone bring about that salvation. It is indeed a splendid spectacle in the midst of the division

of parties and strife of passions, the loss of faith in all systems and of fidelity to any principle or any engagements, which reign in the modern world, menacing it with complete anarchy, social and political — this heroic union of the Catholic people of every land and every condition, brought up under institutions most widely different, and subjects of every variety of government, in one steadfastness, in one holy cause, one spontaneous protest and demand. From north and south, from east and west, from the whole face of the earth, arises the united voice of this people, who alone possess a true principle of union, which is found in their common citizenship of that "city, which has foundations whose founder and maker is God".

The social restoration of the reign of Jesus Christ for which all Christian souls are longing, will, as we have said, be the sole possible salvation of the world now wandering amidst the shades of death; and the efforts of the Catholic people directed to the recovery of their lost liberty and vindication of their outraged rights will result equally in the rescue of society from destruction. Civil society does not perceive this nor do the powers of the world perceive it. The words of the Royal prophet are still addressed to them unheeded: "And now, O ye kings, understand; receive instruction,

you that judge the earth". They have not yet received this instruction nor learned a lesson which one would have thought, he that runs might read in the events of the last 50 years. Far from it. The powers of the earth have made a pact with impiety

Instead of resisting the evil they have come to terms with it; they are still endeavoring to make terms with it even now when the Revolution is threatening to break through every ~~dike~~ dyke, and to sweep them and their thrones away in a universal Cataclism. Your statesmen and prudent men of the world are laboring still at the work of conciliation as it is called, but the conciliation they are endeavouring to bring about is one which in its nature is impossible and self contradictory. Justice and violence cannot be reconciled. Truth and justice are uncompromising and cannot make a treaty with falsehood and iniquity. They admit of no transaction. The S.P. has proclaimed those principles to the world, and has met in response with ~~&~~ blasphemies from the men of the Revolution and hostility on the part of ministerial Cabinets; but he has had another response which comes from the heart and will of the faithful Catholic people. Like the Holy Father, they will accept no pact with evil or impiety, and they are

now loudly proclaiming their resolution from one end of Christendom to the other; nor will they rest or cease their agitation and clamor until they see the Church triumphant over her enemies and oppressors.

Now the present conflict is one in which no Catholic, man, woman or child who has arrived at the age of full reason, can be dispensed from taking a share according to the measure of the capacity of each. The Vicar of Christ has himself declared that all are bound to unite in defence of religion and of the rights of the Holy See and he has publicly renewed this declaration in a letter which he has lately deigned to address to the Catholic youth of Madrid. Questions may sometimes arise which have a very important bearing on the interests of the Church, yet this connection may not be so obvious but that the unlearned may be excused from not perceiving it. Inaction in such cases need not imply religious indifference. The present case does not belong to this class. It is intelligible and palpable to all, the most ignorant as the most cultivated; and whosoever is not moved at hearing of the indignities and outrages heaped on the Father of Christendom and the persecution and the spoliation which the Church is suffering, and who is not ready to unite heart and soul in

a holy league for their liberation, is unworthy the name of Catholic. Yet such Catholics, we regret to say, are to be found; we are not alluding simply to those who live in the utter neglect of the essential duties of their religion, but to men who desire to keep within lawful bounds and save their souls, yet care nothing for the sorrows of their Father or the sufferings of their mother. It seems to be no business of theirs, and they go about their occupations and pleasure with the same unconcern as if none of these things regarded them. It is difficult to find words strong enough to characterize such persons, unworthy sons of the Church, men whose hearts are dead to all Christian feelings, passive accomplices of the iniquities of the world.

What good citizen is there who when his country is invaded and devastated, could deem himself excused from contributing to its defence? In such an hour all will become soldiers. Those who cannot wield a sword can shed their blood are prodigal of money, of encouragement, of help, in some form or another according to their ability. Is the defence of the Church a less obligatory duty than that of our country? Is it not rather a duty far more sacred? Is it possible that Christian families should be content to enjoy all the benefits that the Church confers

on them and not feel to owe her aught in return — not so much even as to mourn with her in her affliction!

If Catholicism claims the allegiance of the whole human race so also does it claim the dominion of the whole individual man. The Catholic must be Catholic in all aspects, not in faith only, but in words, in works, in sentiments, in manners, in social and political conduct; and in point of fact, we have reason to congratulate ourselves on observing that the present persecutions are everywhere serving to revive a true Catholic Spirit throughout the world, prompting acts of general self abnegation and devotion, and kindling a holy enthusiasm such as recalls the magnificent movement of Catholic Europe at the close of the 11th century for the recovery of the Sepulchre of our Lord. Can anyone indeed fold his hands and hold back at such a crisis and not rather press forward to join the holy league? Neutrality is impossible. Silence and inaction would be sin. Who is there amongst us who will not be eager to take the Cross, when not the Holy places alone which Christ's presence and Passion has consecrated are trodden under foot by the Infidel, but Christ himself is insulted in the Person of his Vicar? By liberating the Holy Father and vindicating the Church's rights, we shall also be saving society from ruin

not only because, as we have said, true principles and the supremacy of right will thereby be asserted, but because the Revolution itself will be accomplished and prostrated. As the old Crusades primarily aimed at freeing the Holy Place, but secondly saved Europe from the threatening yoke of the Mahometans, so will it also be now. The efforts directed to the liberation of the Holy Father and Rome will also serve to liberate the Christian world from its deadly foe. For the Revolution is, we must remember, a plot against Christianity. Its aim from the first has been entire secularization of society, its divorce from God. All else has been entirely subsidiary. If it has put forward the reform of abuses and the popularizing of governments, this has been only to blind the people, to enlist the sympathies of ardent minds, and obtain the cooperation of men of what are called liberal opinions, but all this is of no real importance in its eyes. Its object is and always has been to destroy the religious basis of society, and it can accommodate itself to the most brutal despotism as to the wildest republicanism, so as those in power will only favour its anti-Christian designs. So long, however, as the Rome of the Popes is left standing, which is at once the key stone and the foundation of the Christian edifice, the work of the Revolution must remain unaccomplished.

Rome. Therefore, from the beginning was its mark and its goal Rome. It has now seized and has cast down the Temporal Throne of Peter. Its aim, its object, stands confessed. It has staked all on this die. If it succeed in annihilating the Papal power, it will have gained all: if it be defeated, it will have lost all. The Revolution knows this, and, while tearing to shreds its prey, trembles lest the Catholic world should come and tear it from its clutches. It knows that such a victory will be decisive. We know it also, and what is more, we know that the victory must be ours

Art 2

Liberalism

What is Liberalism? First, what is it in its complete political embodiment? Is it an acceptable form of government? That is, is it one of those forms which constituted authority may systematically assume, according as may suit the actual condition or traditional habits and preferences of a people? To this question we give an emphatic No. There are reasons which may render this or that form of Government extremely unsuitable and inconvenient in the case of this or that nation, and which may, therefore, cause the friends of order and of their country's true interests energetically to oppose its introduction. We may instance, as cases in point, Spain and France. Republicanism, we speak of it absolutely, and considered apart from its alliance with revolutionary principles - would, we think be an unsuitable form of government for either nation, which are both essentially monarchical in their genius and genuine leanings. But its opponents combat it on altogether different grounds from those on which they resist Liberalism. We combat Liberalism as an evil thing, the Republic as an inconvenient thing. We attack the first in an absolute manner without any reserve, and in all its parts; the second we oppose simply in regard to the circumstances of our Country and our time, understanding that in different circum-

stances it might be profitable. They go on to compare a form of Government to a species of social medicine, which either heals or exasperates the malady of the patient to whom it is administered, according as it happens or not to be suitable to his complaint and constitution; but Liberalism is a poison which is always deleterious and in no case can ever benefit. The use of poison ought to be prohibited by all good police laws; the use of medicine is left to the discretion of the doctor, who is supposed to know when it is opportune to administer it, and when it would be injurious.

But what is it which constitutes this poisonous property in Liberalism? a question of the more urgent importance because it has either permeated, or is rapidly in process of permeating, the whole political and social fabric throughout civilised Europe. Liberalism is a congeries of anti-Catholic and immoral principles; it is a monstrous doctrine; it is a heresy in short, the great heresy of the present day, the last and most clever device of Satan, because it is enabled to present itself in a thousand deceitful (and uncommend) practical forms, and cloak itself under magnificent names which delude the simple and help the subtle and mischievous to delude. Liberalism is all this essentially, whereas there is no essential evil in any form of government as such, though it may be actually evil in particular cases from unfitness and

want of adaptation to a people. These Governments, on the other hand, which have been the creation of Liberalism (and because they have been its creation, such as that of the New Kingdom of Italy under Victor Emmanuel, and Spain under his son Amadeo) are essentially corrupt. They are rotten, root and branch; not on account of their form, but on account of their spirit.

In order to demonstrate the essentially heretical nature of Liberalism, we have but to notice, what have been the objects of its attack, what the doctrines it has proclaimed, and we shall find that more or another Liberalism has especially denied the divine constitution of the Church. The great objects of its attack, as all know, have been her rights, her independence, her institutions and her goods, and in all ages Popes and Councils have pronounced anathemas against those heretics who have made similar attempts to deprive the Church of her independence and to despoil her of her possessions. Again, were an analysis to be drawn up of those doctrines which Liberals have presented to ignorant multitudes as the precious discoveries and intellectual conquests of the present age, we should find that there is not one of those false principles which is new, which has not been put forward by some heretical sect in past times, and which has not been censured more or less solemnly by the Church. So that Liberalism, which was condemned en globo by the Syllabus, had long before received a like sentence in its several component parts from previous

Pontiffs and Councils

It is true that now are some Catholics who still entertain the notion that a compromise between Liberalism and Catholicism is possible and desirable; and if we were to say to such persons, "You are not Catholics for you hold a heresy;" they would be offended; because they have as yet failed to perceive what is the true genealogy of Liberalism, and what its inevitable tendencies. Late events are, however, working one good effect, that of opening the eyes of all good men to its true character, and unveiling the hypocrisy which has been concealed under its moderate forms; and every day this truth is becoming more and more patent, that it is impossible to be a Liberal and a Catholic. For what "Liberal" is there (we need scarcely say we continue to use the word in its modern, technical, and perverted sense) who can Catholic doctrine in its integrity, as God has revealed it, and does not at the very least pretend to accommodate it in some way to his Liberalistic views; which in other words, is to curtail, to twist, to explain away, more or less, the perfect law and work of God? Now "more or less" counts for nothing when God has spoken. That which in one point, be it only in one point, offends against God's word, impugns it in all. It is heresy. Hence we are bound to combat Liberalism absolutely, without distinction of the much or the little, or of the

particular form under which it may present itself.

It is the more necessary for us English Catholics to be on our guard in this respect, because we are sometimes accidentally related to and receive our support, not in the obtaining of our just rights, to persons and parties whose principles we cannot and ought not adopt, but to the malice of which there is a risk of our being the less alive, because our traditional adversary in this country has been heresy under another form, Protestantism. The alliance of Protestant bigotry with what goes by the name of Conservatism has therefore placed us in a position which has often made it our interest to throw our weight into the opposite scale. Catholics, in a Protestant country, cannot hope to attain a footing of just equality, save by an extension of just and equal popular rights; and, in point of fact, no where do they enjoy a status so much freedom as under the Democratic government of the United States. Unfortunately the popular leaders of the day in our Country, as throughout modern Europe generally, are men more or less imbued with Liberalism, who base their measures, even when may be to a certain extent practically beneficial to ourselves, on false and dangerous principles, which we are bound to repudiate.

Another reason which makes it imperative for us to stand on our guard, and have a just estimate of the essentially heretical character of Liberalism, is, that it is gaining in what may be called

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is comparatively modern stage in this country, in one respect is most dangerous as it is certainly its most deceitful stage; its artifice being always to make its way by appealing to the popular aspirations and apparent needs of the present day, where it has not as yet dared to avow its full object, and where the peculiar circumstances of the country have not rendered it necessary that it should do so, its lying professions may more easily entrap the unreflecting, and blind them or make them less alive to its real animus. No fear of being reckoned religious ought therefore to hinder us from combatting so called Liberal principles with all our might. It is the Liberalistic party which is daily retrograded, for it would carry us back into worse darkness than that from which Christianity emancipated us. History tells of Catholic monarchies and Catholic republics, of Liberal monarchies and Liberal republics. The first, guiding themselves by the light of the Gospel, have both prospered and worked what was good; the latter, taking a miserable valuation for their rule, have overturned the order established by God, and arrested the development of those true elements of civilization which Christianity had introduced, and which, in successive ages, would have continued, if unchecked, to bear an ever increasing harvest of fruits to the temporal and eternal benefit of the nations

Bearings of infallibility on religious truth

At a time when the spirit of the age is already against all infallibilities, when even Protestants are treating the notion of an infallible Bible as a remnant of idolatry, when the infallibility of the apostles is denied and the ignorance of Christ himself affirmed, at such a moment the Church of Rome calmly commits itself to a dogma which puts her infallibility into a more prominent light than ever, and which makes its operations more rapid and more stringent. Now I trust it may not be useless to put before earnest men the real results of the measure. The smoke of the great battle has cleared and we may hopefully estimate the results. The almost universal submission of the Bishops of the minority has taken the last pretext which could with any plausibility be adduced against its being a law of the Church. It is now necessary to show that it was not a wanton throwing down of the gauntlet to the age, not the act of desperate men angry with the consciousness that they had lost their power on the modern mind. It was the act of narrow minds and narrow hearts, of a faction wrapped up

in the petty interests of their own little party, and through their ignorance recklessly of the effect of their acts on the great world at large. It was called for by the internal state of the Church itself. This, however, is not all; there is not a decree of the council which does not allude to some opinion which has its followers amongst Englishmen. The questions discussed and decided went to the very heart and roots of Christianity. Nay, they are the very questions discussed among ourselves. They affect what has been called our common Christianity. I shall principally occupy myself with showing that a movement has been going on outside as well as inside the Church, which calls for the decisions of the Vatican Council. Above all, I wish to point out that the principles condemned at Rome are prevalent in England, and are a peril for all Christianity as well as for the Church.

The whole authority claimed by the Church to be the exclusive teacher of Christianity, would be the most monstrous of spiritual tyrannies, if she did not believe herself to be preserved from error. She would deserve the worst curse ever pronounced

upon Babylon and Antichrist of the assumed jurisdiction over the consciences of Christians without Power from on high. Accordingly her infallibility has been a first principle, not tacitly assumed but loudly affirmed by all Catholics. Nevertheless it is certainly remarkable that, as far as I know, for the first time an Oecumenical Council calls the Church infallible. If any fact is historically certain, it is that from the very first dawn of Christianity its teachers claimed infallibility. It was not mediaeval invention. It is to be found in S. Irenaeus as surely as in S. Gregory VII. Now, however, at the moment that the Catholic Church reasserts that the very first element of Christianity as a supernatural revelation are called in question, it puts forward its infallibility as the indispensable condition of that supernatural news. It declares that the great misery of the age is a principle which it calls naturalism, and which it places side by side with rationalism.

I cannot help thinking that this is worthy of the attention of all Christians, even of those who disbelieve the claims of the Council. Catholics

are often reproached with arguing in favor of the infallibility of the Church on a priori grounds, drawn from its necessity, while they ignore the facts of the history of the Christian religion. If, however, it is a patent fact that the good and earnest men, whose whole life is meant to be a protest against scepticism, are forced by the exigencies of their position, whenever they give up infallibility to reduce the Christian faith to the level of natural religion, then it is a legitimate conclusion that infallibility and the supernatural are of Christianity go hand in hand. In no better way can the issue be tried than by the examination of the views advocated by certain English authors. They ordinarily repudiate the charge of rationalism. Their whole system is meant to be a reaction against the rationalistic tendencies of the age. They look full in the face of all the facts which seem to tell against Christianity, yet all they would say, is not Christ a fact.

It would be absurd to class men who use such language with vulgar rationalists. If, however, efforts so well meant and so honest, supported as they are by abilities of no common order, utterly fail in

finding a supernatural basis for Christianity without infallibility, we are surely entitled to argue that the attempt is impossible. If such a gospel can be found, then let it run its course and be glorified. If fallible apostles can succeed, let them go forth and preach to this confused 19th century. It sadly wants an angel with healing on His wings: for its head is sick and its heart is faint. If, however, in such hands, the Gospel of Jesus turns out to be no supernatural revelation, we may be sure that no one else can succeed. The experiment has been made on no vile body. If such things are done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry? What if this new Gospel, with its shades of formulas, turns out itself to be a formula! If falsification, like the shirt of Nessus, clings to such a Hercules as this, and the efforts of the hero only succeed in tearing the flesh from his bones, then does the poisonous adhesion to his nervous marrow. After such a failure it might be well to try the old paths. What if this old despised infallibility of the Council should turn out to be true

The position of the school to which I allude is often difficult to define. It is not easy to comprehend its almost paradoxical

that revelation consists of propositions "about God", couples with the affirmation that it consists of the action of God unveiling Himself to man, as though the one excluded the other. Its passionate denunciations of dogma are hard to reconcile with its speculative almost metaphysical theology. As far as my present subject is concerned, I should describe it as an attempt to substitute a mystical intuition for the infallibility not only of the Church, but of the Scriptures and the Apostles. There is supposed to be in the human soul a God-consciousness, a real contact between God and the spirit of every human being; in consequence of this, the doctrines of revelation are so nearly akin to the consciences of mankind, that an infallible authority to impose them originally, or to vouch for them when revealed, becomes superfluous

A most tempting system, this to many minds. Here is a gospel which protests against rationalism, which allows an immediate intercourse with God, which admits of enthusiasm for the person of Christ, and yet escapes from the bonds of dogma and the shadow of infallibility; most tempting if it were but consonant to facts; most religious if it were not compelled by the very force of its principles to degrade Christianity from its dignity as a supernatural revelation

In fact, the school of M. Maurice has never retracted its adhesion to the Confession of Wm Law, quoted with approbation by Ed Irving: "Christianity is not a system of doctrine imposed upon us by God, of which we could know nothing except from the Scriptures; but is the natural religion to which all our faculties are adapted".

It is to the facts of the Christian religion alone that I appeal for the proof that an infallible authority is the organ of Divine revelation. Of course, I do not deny that God might have revealed Himself to man in any way that he chose, and that man ought to be too thankful to accept that way. He might have made that revelation by means of a spiritual contact with individuals. He might have unveiled himself in an ineffable transcendent mode, too great for words, too mighty for propositions. What he has done is alleged without proof, nay, against all facts. This revelation of Himself reaches us through human testimony and through that alone. Not for a moment do I forget the action of the Holy Ghost on the soul, without which no man can call Jesus "Lord". But what I affirm is, that the whole of the contents of revelation, the thing revealed, is proposed for our acceptance through the agency of men. It is preached to us through

human words and propositions. That the words are not exhaustive, that the thoughts which they suggest are far deeper than language, I gladly allow and affirm. Nevertheless, the fact, the thing to be believed, has been transmitted and propagates by the witness of men. The message conveyed finds an echo in every heart. Intensely an echo. In no system which I am criticizing is the echo is far more important than the voice: the contents of revelation are treated as though far more discovered in the heart than conveyed to it from without. They declare that to guarantee the truth of the birth of Christ, of the new revelation he brought down Heaven, of his death on the cross, of the fact of his being God, of his own expressed conviction in the eternity of his own life, we require the echoes of these truths in our own experience.

Our doctrine comes from Christ; but unless the teachers had a promise that the gates of hell should not prevail against them, it must have long ago disappeared under the corroding effects of time. Its very power of adaptation and development would have been fatal to it. If no infallible teacher remain, then according to all human experience the religion of Christ—

must be by this time undiscoverable. It is a damning fact for Protestantism, that it supposes that Christianity was a mass of doctrinal corruption 1600 years after its origin, if so, what possible reason is there to suppose that the reformers discovered it. In like manner, it is decisive against the very Rationale Protestantism, which is occupying us, that no one ever dreamed till now that Christianity could be a divine religion without some thing infallible, Church or Scripture? In so old a religion as ours such perfect originality is fatal.

But does not God have preserved his own religion by working solely and directly on the hearts of men? I can only say that he has not done so. The state of Christendom forbids the supposition. If Christians were all agreed upon the doctrine of Christ, then it would be possible to say, that the Holy Ghost by teaching immediately and blessedly preserved, as it were, the truth in person, without the external authority of an infallible body. It might be conceivable before heresies arose, that Christians should never have asked themselves How do we know the truth as it is in Jesus? Then of course setting aside Scripture and the Church,

I might have been possible to argue that the promise of Christ that he would be with Christendom to the end of the world included a promise that his doctrine would last till doomsday by his own secret operation. Now, however, that the forms of doctrine claiming to be Christian are endless in number as they are boundless in their antagonism to each other, it is impossible to say that Christ has preserved this doctrine simply by a general secret superintendence of His providence. What is meant by the preservation of this doctrine is, of course, not its mere existence, hidden amongst all the various contending creeds of Christendom, but a preservation such as it can be recognised as Christ's. Now it is not pretended that there is such an inherent evidence as this, such a flavour of certainty which separates true doctrine from false. So much this that those writers who argue most strongly for the continuous revelation of truth through an immediate spiritual

with God, have abandoned any hope of ascertaining with any certainty what is Christian doctrine, and are prudent in proclaiming that the religion of Christ is not one of doctrine at all, but wholly and wholly of facts.

[That a fact such as the Incarnation requires evidence of an authoritative and infallible character is a parallel drawn between the belief in the existence of God, and the fact in the Incarnation]

The hypothesis forces these theologians to confound the natural and supernatural orders. In order to escape the necessity of an infallible guide, involved in a supernatural revelation, they are forced to place the Incarnation on a level with the existence of God. It is quite true that both contain incomprehensible mysteries, but the difference is that the being of a God is discoverable by natural reason, while no effort of intellect, backed by the conscience and moral being of a man, can, apart from revelation, prove the Incarnation. Hence the being of God may be safely left to the guardianship of reason. The religious history of the human race is the history of the fate of that great truth. Lights and shadows pass over it, but it is perpetually reappearing, if lost, it may be discovered. It is not so with the Incarnation. Human logic cannot prove it, human intellect cannot anticipate it. It cannot discover what it is incompetent to discover

For this reason, it wants infallibility to bear witness to it - and infallibility to preserve it.

Finally such a system as that - which we have been considering - is not Christianity. It is not the religion which conquered the world: it is too vague, too unusual. It is unusual, because outside the little circle of facts, about which men are supposed to be agreed, there must be a large and ever widening circle of doctrines, very uncertain, about which there must be either perfect discord or indifference which defies cohesion. I call that a vague religion which binds the revelation strictly to facts, strips all dogma of worldly, and delivers it over to the disputations of men. It is necessarily vague, because this distinction between religious facts and doctrines is utterly unreal. A supernatural fact - which is meant to enlighten mankind as to their eternal destinies, involves doctrine; that is, it is an authoritative teaching appended to it; or part of being the most manifestly like of doctrine formulas

The two so run into each other as to be really inseparable. Of course when those writers call the Conception a fact, they do mean the event, that

Pontius Pilate and Suetonius would be Christians:
They mean the fact- that God died on the cross. I defy
them to exclude doctrine from such a statement as
that. Will any one tell me that it is not present to the
fact whether that man who died was God, as God
the Father is God, according to Catholic doctrine,
or was a subordinate person, as is held by more
than one school? I am not assuming at this
moment that the Cath doctrine is right. All I aver
is, that the point involves doctrine, and that
it is settled, the whole fact is so utterly ambiguous
that it becomes practically ~~useless~~ valueless. A real God
and a subordinate God are two very different things
Again, when I hear that my God was died on the
cross, the statement is. I must own, so startling
that I suspend my judgement, until I am told the
meaning and the purpose of His death. It would
not be deemed by these theologians that the crucifixion
would not be same thing to them if it were not
coupled with the doctrine that Christ died to manifest
His filial love to his Father. Would they accept
the fact if the death of Christ were declared to be
a vicarious sacrifice in the Catholic sense?

The whole fact is utterly changed in its character according to the Doctrine. Yet they are obliged to hold that this, being a doctrine, is not a portion of the revelation, but is a theory about the fact; in other words God has given us a fact, which stripped of its doctrinal appendages, is a mere unmeaning formula.

I must think enough has been said to give a point to the ~~doctrine of infallibility~~ conduct of ~~late~~ the Council. It is, I hope, clear that the Doctrine of Infallibility is a very vital question for all Christians. It is not the imposition of a wooden tyranny, but the condition of the existence of any doctrinal Christianity. I am of course aware that this throws no light on the motives by the definition of the infallibility of the Sov. Pon. I shall now show the motives which called it forth.

It is easy to understand the motives of the definition of the infallibility of the Pope, when we take in the fact that ~~the~~ views of revelation strikingly similar to those we have been criticising have been widely advocated by german Catholic writers. As long ago as 1854 Groshammer, from the chair of Philosophy of Munich, has taught that the deepest mystery of the

Christian religion — the Holy Trinity —, is within the compass of human reason. The same rational faculty, the word many vernunft —, which the writer looks upon as an inborn power of God consciousness, which grasps the existence of God, is also capable of knowing the Holy Trinity, when once Christianity has stated it to the intellect. Thus revelation is not the preaching of an absolutely new truth, utterly undiscoverable by man; it is only the condition for the recognition of a truth which was already in germ in the intellect. The function of Christianity is to educate the reason, and thus to ~~set~~ educe what was already immanent in the mind.

The appearance of Frohschammer is no isolated phenomenon in Catholic Germany. From every part of that great country there sprang up writers insisting on the possibility of a demonstration of the deepest mysteries of the Catholic faith. In Posen, Volkmuth proposed a "solution of the fundamental problem of the Christian Trinity"; Seyler, a professor, first at Freiburg, afterwards at Heidelberg said that "the contents of revelation are not simply above reason or for reason but immanent in reason." "How should the triple personality of the pure being of

God not the author of the human reason?" "The pure essence of man's personality can be shown by reason to be triple; so also can the Trinity be extended to the personality of God". Schenach attempted to teach that the triple personality of God must be metaphysically established. Eberhard taught that "free philosophy must prove that the holy Comdict, which is believed by Christians, is a metaphysical necessity. On hundreds of banners in German universities "free science" was inscribed as a war cry. With the same intense passionateness which caused the people to resolve that the Rhine should be free, German catholic professors contended for "free wissenschaft. Such a cry in England would mean the freedom of Physical science It meant that in Germany: but very much more. Men are not accustomed there to stop short of conclusions, or to put false bottoms to abysses of thought. The freedom claimed for science is the unlimited liberty to speculate on the truths of supernatural religion; and it is claimed on grounds which are destructive to the very idea of Christian revelation.

With these facts before us it will be easy even

for those outside the Church, to comprehend the drift of the decrees of the Vatican council, even of that which must seem most strange to Protestant minds, the definition of the infallibility of the Sovereign Pontiff. It is marvelous to me how the German Liberal Catholics have managed to conceal the real Romish issue. They have contrived to throw on the majority the odium of aggressiveness, while in fact their own aggressive views were such that a universal outcry arose from all parts of the Catholic world for the only adequate remedy. They complained that the definition was uncalled for, because no heresy required it, and they trusted to the profound ignorance of German ecclesiastical affairs, which generally prevails, to enable them to conceal the audacious and tumultuous errors which had been produced by Catholic teachers in German universities. They continued to perpetuate Peace, when there was no peace. They diverted our attention to the dogma of Pope Formosus, while the real question was whether they were to be allowed with impunity to broach theories to revolution which redounded humanity. It was a real danger for Christendom. The German

Intellect has powers of fascination which cannot
be ~~conceived~~ of word. In vain does the rest of the world
cry out that German theories are unintelligible
nonsense; Europe listens in spite of heresy.
Out of a university established like Tubingen, in
the third rate town of a small Kingdom, have
issued schools of thought which have shaken the
faith of half the world. It was impossible for
the Catholic church to overlook this danger. The
sole remedy for such a state of things was the declaration
on the part of the Catholic church of its belief
in the existence of a permanent tribunal, capable
of judging each heresy as it arose. The time was gone
when an Oecumenical Council could meet the
peril. When each professor could devise a new
system of Christianity, and while retaining the
name of Catholic teacher to Catholic youth,
it was in vain to summon Bishops from America
and Canada to put down the Rationalism. who might
have taken another shape while they were on
their way. Rapid, bold, unhesitating, modern
thought spreads like wildfire. Thus the German
theologians well knew, and their whole efforts had

to establish theories of infallibility, which absolutely neutralized the powers of the Church, and changed its Constitution. They placed the seat of infallibility in the multitude of the faithful. How immense was the imposture of this plea will be seen at once if we reflect that - this imaginary plebiscite had been realized, an enormous majority of the Catholics of the universe would have voted for the Papal infallibility. What these men hated most was the existence of an ever-watchful Tribunal at Rome, ready to lift up its voice of austere reproof as it arose. Nothing is more remarkable in the whole controversy than the air of injured innocence with which it is urged that nothing is wanted but the freedom of science. What they really wanted was free Christianity. Their practical aim was an unlimited license to remake Christianity as they pleased without let or hindrance. Each science claims the right of fashioning the faith after its own image. A Philosopher like Dr Frohschammer would temper revelation by Philosophy, while a historian would put upon facts his own interpretation without interruption from the

central authority of the Church. Christ's teaching, however, has been for 19 centuries before the world, and its principles ought really by this time to be immutably ascertained. No new or arbitrary power has been put into the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff. He judges according to the ancient rules of the Catholic faith. The issue and the meaning of the Vatican council is the declaration on the part of the Church that by depending upon the infallibility given by Christ — to the Holy See she assumes the attitude which will best enable her to fulfil the mission of preaching the Christian faith most clearly and most readily to the modern world

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